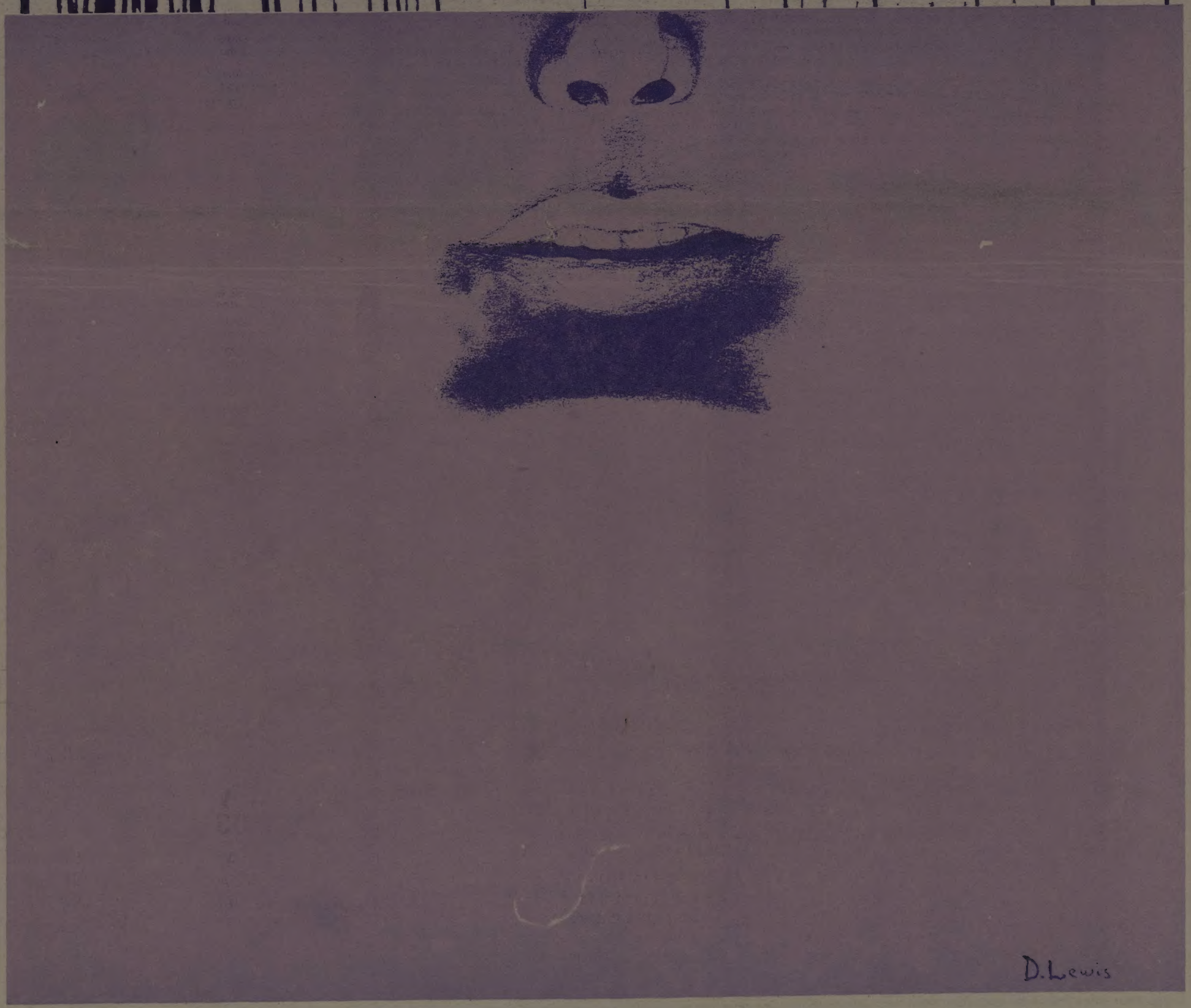
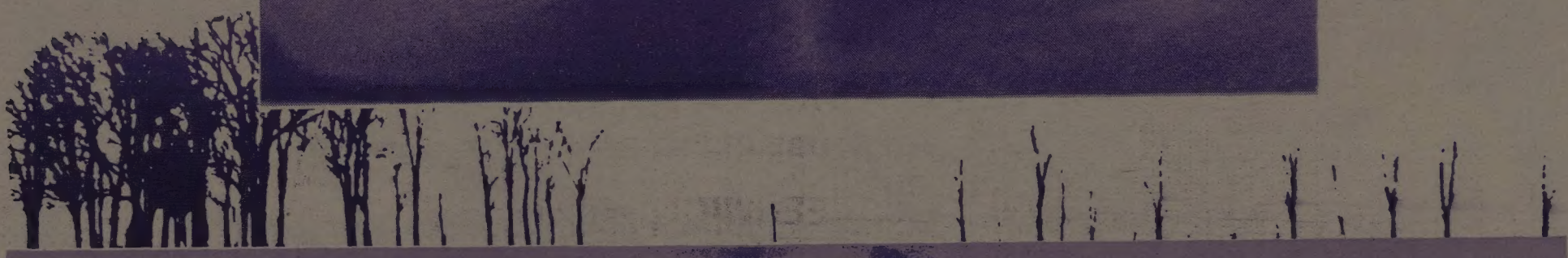


# THE east village OBITUARY

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D. Lewis

# HIRAP

NO END TO IT. NIXON THINKS THAT BY TALKING ABOUT IT, THE CREEPING BIOLOGICAL CATASTROPHE WILL COME TO A HALT. GRAVEDIGGERS STILL REFUSE TO BURY THE DEAD. AND THE GOVERNMENT DECIDES THAT WE CHICKEN-EATERS ARE FIT TO EAT CANCEROUS CHICKEN--AS LONG AS THEIR LOOKS AREN'T TOO REPUGNANT. ON TOP OF THAT, ALL THE SHIT THAT RADIO AND TV SPEW OUT. UGH. ENOUGH TO MAKE ONE PUKE, WITH BARELY ENOUGH WILL REMAINING TO EXTRACT ONE'S HEAD FROM THE TOILET BOWL. MAYBE IT'S THE NEVER-ENDING COLD, OR PERHAPS THE LUNAR CYCLE HAS FUCKED WITH YOUR HEAD TO A POINT WHERE EVEN THE GOOD AND POSITIVE GET SO BLURRED THAT WE IGNORE IT; AND THUS PERMIT THE POLLUTANTS TO BE SHOVED DOWN OUR ARTERIAL LIFELINE AND CHOKE US INTO AN INDEFENSIBLE STATE OF PASSIVE ACQUIESCENCE.

BUM TRIP FANTASY? BAD LAY? INDIGESTION?

NEITHER. NOTHING AS SIMPLE AS THAT. JUST BOB FASS FOR THE ONE MILLIONTH, NINE HUNDREDTH-EIGHTY NINTH THOUSANDTH, TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHTH TIME APPEALING FOR BREAD FOR WBAI; AND WITH IT THE FOREKNOWLEDGE THAT NO MATTER HOW GENEROUS HIS LISTENERS MAY BE, THE CHRONIC PROBLEMS BESETTING WBAI ARE NOWHERE NEAR A SOLUTION. WBAI IS ALWAYS ASKING FOR MONEY. IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE. HERB'S THIS GASSY RADIO STATION--THE ONLY RESPITE FROM THE MONOTONY ON THE REST OF THE DIAL--AND FOR SOME INEXPLICABLE REASON, WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO KEEP IT GOING.

WHY SHOULD PRECIOUS AIR TIME BE WASTED ON FRANTIC FUND-RAISING GIMMICKS? WHY HAVEN'T THEY BEEN ABLE TO MOVE TO THEIR NEW CHURCH? WHY SHOULD WBAI PEOPLE HAVE TO BREAK THEIR ASSES WITHOUT GETTING PAID THEIR MEASLY SALARIES? (THEY GOT THEIR LAST CHECKS OVER A MONTH AGO, TWO WEEKS BEFORE CHRISTMAS.) DIG IT: WBAI IS OUR LAST LINK TO THE FEEDER VALVES INTO THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF THIS COMMUNITY, AND IT'S UP TO US TO ASSURE ITS SURVIVAL. IT'S HIGH TIME WE GOT OFF OUR COLLECTIVE ASSES AND STARTED SENDING WHATEVER BREAD WE CAN SPARE TO WBAI, 30 EAST 39th STREET--OR CALL OX7-8509/ 826-0880, AND PLEDGE YOUR SUPPORT. THEY NEED IT: WE NEED THEM. RIGHT ON!

EAT THIS DEAR,  
IT'LL PUT SOME  
COLOR INTO YOUR  
POOR LITTLE BODY.

*Jack Kohn*



reprinted from georgia straight (ups)

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# CAPTAIN FINNEGAN'S WAKE

RAY SEULZ

Listen children, I don't want to cause any nightmares or anything, but did you know that a drunken Irish bastard named John Finnegan is running around town snapping pictures of every nigger, spic and beatnik whom

he doesn't happen to favor, and that he has the official sanction and overwhelming gratitude of the city of New York because he is, in short, the captain and chief big bopper of an organization called the Red, Squad, Bureau of Special Services, N.Y.P.D.?

Finnegan is an exceedingly modest fellow for an Irishman, so unless you are one of the many people he has questioned, arrested and beaten at various demonstrations and communist front activities in the city during the last four or five years, chances are you don't know much about him or the rest of the animals on his black and tan platoon. Which is cool, for in fact, this group exists. They are even now working in haste to gather facts, figures and photographs on every citizen in the greater metropolitan area, and baby, you don't mess with them. You don't curse them, you don't resist them, you don't outwit them, and you sure as hell don't write about them in some faggot journal if you treasure your ever-loving ass. They don't play around.

They turned up, for instance, at the hearing of 105 Young Lords at the Supreme Court Building on Foley Square two weeks ago. The Young Lords are a Puerto Rican group who occupied the First Spanish Methodist Church in East Harlem and who were subsequently served with an injunction and arrested. Finnegan, with a few of his henchmen, hung close to the room the Lords were being kept in at the Courthouse, and when the Lords were released, stood outside, and took photographs

of every single one of them, and their relatives, and their friends who had come to greet them after court. Which was easy,

because the stupid spics ran down the steps singing patriotic songs right into the pretty cameras. How could they know that the dirty paddy with the camera was a house dick, not a

reporter for one of the many papers and magazines who will not admit that the Red Squad even exists? One of the whites in

the crowd knew, and he screamed with some glee, "Finnegan, you fucking pig! You dirty Irish bastard! Hey folks, this man is a pig!"

"Hey, pig!"  
"Off the pig!"  
"Right on!"

Finnegan didn't say a word. He didn't flinch. He just stood there, looking very cool and withdrawn, and he shot his

camera ever so gingerly at the people who were cursing him out. Someday, if he believes he has reason, which he usually does he will visit that young man and ask him some questions that

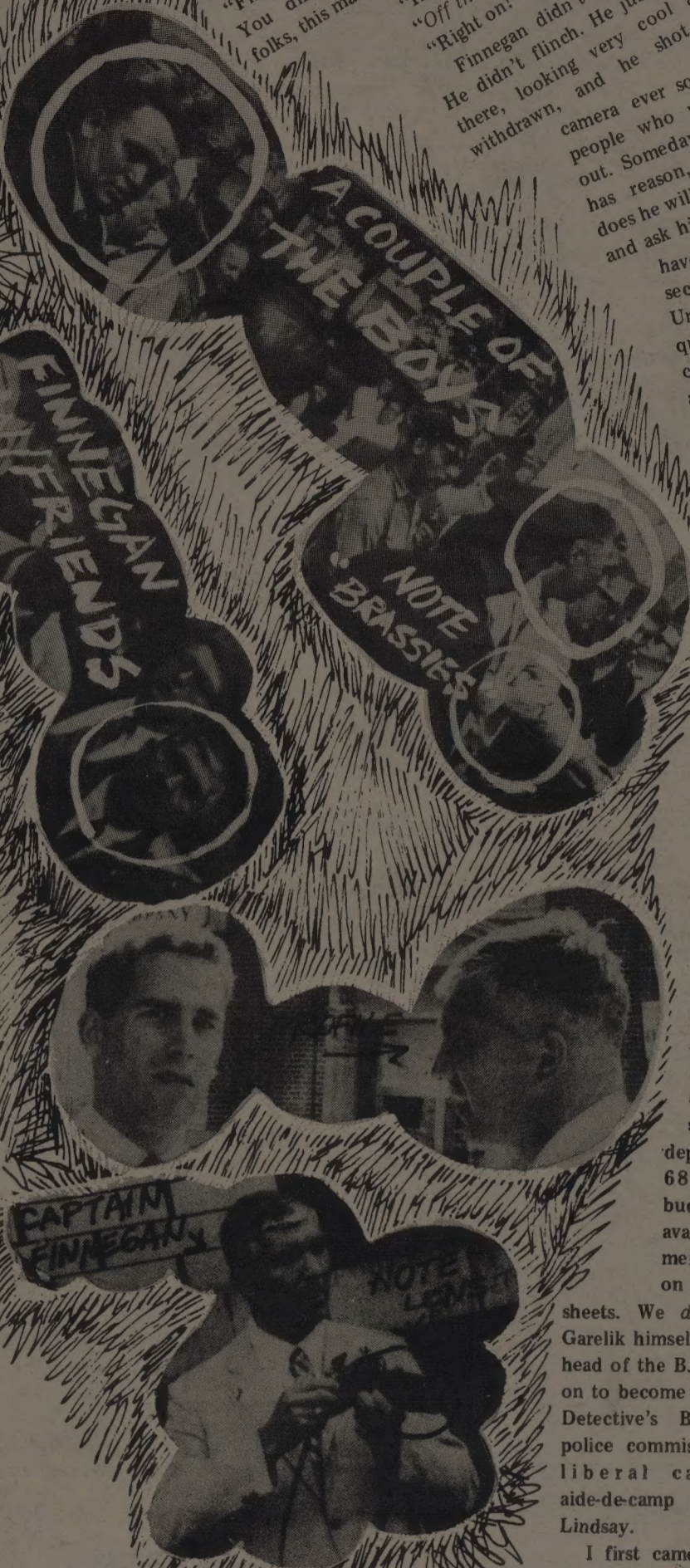
have to do with the internal security of the United States. Until then, he will accumulate quite a little photo album, with captions and circles and arrows, and he will drink his pint every Saturday night, and go to Church on Sunday. God bless him.

The Red Squad itself was formed during the 1930's to investigate hot-bed labor disputes and to protect the life and health of visiting dignitaries—at least as far as the 1956 Police Manual at the Public Library is concerned. With the onset of McCarthyism and the red scare, activities were stepped up, though the original protection service is still intact. (catch Finnegan with the astronauts?) In the calendar year 1966/67, the *Supplementary World Load Performance Sheet* informs us that the Bureau of Special Services (official title) had agents at 1,968 radical demonstrations in the city. That same year, if the *Schedule Supporting the Executive Budget is to be believed*, the city spent \$781, 758 on maintaining the salaries of 75 men in the department. In 1967/68 and 68/69, however a city-wide budget breakdown was not made available to the public, and no mention was made of the B.S.S. on the work load performance

sheets. We do know Sanford Garelik himself was listed as the head of the B.S.S. until he went on to become chief of the whole Detective's Bureau and then police commissioner, and then liberal candidate and aide-de-camp to the notorious Lindsay.

I first came in contact with the department about a year and  
(Continued on Page 14)

AH-H-H-H!  
NOT ANOTHER NIGHT-MARE!





## THILM Lita Eliscu

People tell me there's a different flavor these days to walking down 8th Street... How surprising. Soon, someone will make a sound recording, "Sounds of the Tropical Life of St. Mark's-in-the-Jungle: roaches, pigs, junkies, streeters, sparechange addicts, and the rare sniff of an uptown couple who wanted to see the rare flora and fauna. 8th Street, yes, has become fashionable, and so went life, snuffed

out by the heavy numbers being laid on it to live up to its image. Not to mention that it is winter and most tropical flora and fauna really need sunshine, in order to get it on.

So try either 9th Street or 7th Street for a lovely walk. I tried 7th the other day, and there was: Good Ol' McSorley's, the outlet for Knobkerry, a great sandal store— really beautiful leather, 7th Veil for tie-dyes, incense, rugs, friendly talk... and *Studio Del*. Every time I walk down 7th Street, I look into the window of this little store, and there are *always* incredibly

beautiful knits; every few weeks, the stuff changes. The past few weeks, there has been a vest of filigree, sparkle, and crochet gossamer next to a bag which seemed to be a cross between East Indian heirloom and American Indian beadwork. So I went in.

*Studio Del* belongs to a woman named Del, and it is called 'Studio' because 5 years ago, Del was a sculptress who needed bread and bought this shop. She decided to do part-time crochet in order to pay the rent on her studio in back. Now, the studio and casting room where she

does her sculpture is still in the back, but it is the crochet which takes full-time and effort. Maybe it is her background, working in the tensile, plastic world of wax and bronze, but the crochet stuff in this shop is among the best I've seen in this city. Each design is hand-made, blocked in the store, and depends on the customer for color, pattern, fit. A few numbers, like basic pants suits, Del will turn out again and again, but most of the designs are strictly one-shot: "Too much goes into some of them for me to just turn them out again... they're creations, and you

can't just assembly-line them," says Del, and Lorelei, sitting on a chair crocheting, looks up, nods.

The shop now has a staff of five regulars, and there is a school, classes before and after store hours, training in crochet. "I didn't start the school just to get more helpers, although that's how I did find some of my staff."

The spring collection is going to have an Egyptian flavor—in the window now are beautiful Egyptian wall hanging, dating Del says, from Victorian times—"and *not* for sale." The mini-skirts and rectilinear collars are all being adapted to wear. Everywhere in the store, the corners are filled with pieces of fancy: a bunch of belts in metallic thread, with antique buckles to match peer out of a little wicker basket; little hats, some medieval skull caps in fabulous, rich multicolor, a few Egyptian with ear pieces, some floppy, some tams... they all sit in a mound in front of a little stand... an old fashioned divan is covered by an afghan and pillows, small mats. The walls are full of hangings, butterfly dresses, long gowns with flavors running straight from Renaissance through Alice in Wonderland through tomorrow. Strange dresses which seem to be free-flow free-fall self contained cages of net yarns, gorgeous colors which trail over the body underneath like so much butterfly ornament.

And here it is: This Store is NOT Expensive. The best in the window, which took two months to make and which Janis Joplin wanted to buy (it was too small, so that gives you an idea if you can wear it), costs \$75.00 and looks like a princess' hotshot number for the only good party in town. Hats run from \$4-20; the pocketbook described, which is blue beading, bead fringe, and a magnificent crocheted strap, is \$30.

In the pictures, the model is Lorelei and her boyfriend, the clothes and accessories are all from Studio Del. The address is 19 East 7th, Tel: 228-1730.

I can't get it on to describe the clothes in linear print, to take the eye/brain from one place to another. The place is really worth browsing, the clothes are that impressive, and there will probably be some homemade cake or fruitbread on the jewelery case in case of faint hearts. Everything in the store has, wonder of all wonders, subtlety and grace and good workmanship, and on the racks will probably be a few things marked down because someone didn't want it, or it got made and is still there, or just because this is the kind of store where fancy happens.

++++++ +++++++

And then there were The Doors, in concert at Madison Square and then there was Jim Morrison, on stage in what he had been wearing at rehearsals, maybe slept in, and on stage there was a *rock concert*. Remember when, way back, to when rock was exciting boogin' music (thank you for the term's resurgence) and you went to a concert to get it on, in capitals. Remember that? Well, it happened right there in Madison Square's Felt Forum. Jim Morrison

(Continued on Page 17)

photo:Raeanne Rubinstein

The persistent and pervasive enemy of liberty is the Way of Life acceptable to the culture generally, and it needs no statute, decree, proclamation, or indoctrination to effect its instinctive ends."

Milton Mayer

## POOR PARANOID'S ALMANAC

BY ALLAN KATZMAN

Chicago is cold and hungry, and it sits upon the flat plain of the Midwest like one third of an iceberg. Time seems to be frozen into antiquity by her cardinal architecture.

Chicago is a *She* City. She has the warmth of motherliness but she has forgotten her children. She looks away, her buildings' backs to the wind, and tyrannically sits upon her customs.

Like the sign in a deserted station of the *old* Chicago-Illinois railroad, "THE TIME IS NOW," (and where the once obvious clock next to it had

been taken away and in its place an empty circle of singular dust); *she* has lost her future.

Nowhere could this be better seen than in the time she wastes in punishing her offenders. There is no future in her courts of Law but only an old fashioned Death-Head by the name of Judge Julius Jennings Hoffman.

He is clever, at times *knowingly* witty, and at the same time menopausal. He is not senile but the inheritor of a dead past, and instincts which hang down from his face of ancient jowls. He is, as Abe Peck described him, "the Vampire of the Ego."

I know. I came to Chicago as a witness for the Conspiracy and witnessed "the persistent and pervasive enemy of liberty."

It sits in the halls of the Federal building and clogs the hallways outside Julius's courtroom with various colored marshalls who search your clothes for hidden armed answers, and the coats, hats and galoshes of every visitor, witness and

newsman who enter its classroom.

When you enter as a witness, the timelessness of a dead creature hangs over your head. It is a battlefield of horror as they call you forward to testify, and it ends when you take the witness stand. It feels as if you are about to give birth to a child.

This is the way Paul Krassner, who testified an hour before me, described it.

I was not afraid. I was prepared, complete with cane, limp and an older world worldliness. My shoes shined, my hair neatly in place (what was left of it hanging long down the back and sides of my bald head), dressed in salt and pepper colored tweed bell bottoms, blue workshirt and psychedelic purple tie covered over by a hand knit orange sweater imported from Italy.

I was a presence to behold and nothing in the way to do with the truth. I was theater as everyone else there was theater. I had only two things going for me: Two incidents which I had been involved in during the week of the National Democratic

Convention of August '68, and which were, by accident, the truth.

I was to testify to being beaten up the night of Monday's Democratic Convention in Lincoln Park by fifteen ununiformed and unidentified policemen while in a moving car; and a chance meeting with Jerry Rubin in Grant Park on Wednesday afternoon at 3:35 when he was supposed to be instigating a riot as testified to by the Chicago police's undercover 'pig', Bob Pierson.

My testimony, as I stated before, was true. But was more important, it was credible. My memory never faltered. I was strong, confident and I gave back what I got with unerring dignity.

I am not ashamed here to posture the heroic. It is important to know the time to be heroic. When I entered that courtroom, the time was immanent. Judge Julius Hoffman, prosecutors Foran and Shultz and the Federal government were doing a dance of death.

There was nothing dramatic about what I said or did. It was inherent in the Drama itself, in the seven defendants who sat at their own table of liberated ground diagonally to my left, in quite a few of the audience, and hopefully in some of the jurors. We were all heroic at that moment because we refused to participate in *their* destructive culture.

Trapped in that menagerie of obsolete tradition, the love of what we believe to be right *was* the law. It shone through even in that sterile courtroom.

There were not enough mistakes we could make or blood we could let to keep Hoffman and his kind alive. The Law they were using to condemn right thinking people with was already buried beneath their own dead awareness.

This is what frightened them, though they didn't know it. It was obvious in their every gesture and attempt to manipulate their fictions into truths. Everytime, and it was always, Hoffman overruled or sustained an objection in favor of the prosecution, had over a period of months a victory for the Conspiracy.

Dellinger, Rubin, Hoffman, Froines, Hayden, Davis, and Wiener when I met them, were all in good spirits. Between recesses and after court hours, they would sit or lounge around and laugh. Mythologizing names for jurors whose names they had forgotten or only heard once, they counted the converts to their cause among them. The death rattle cacaphony which came from Hoffman's mouth had begun to take its toll and wake up some jurors to their own humanity.

The trial had become too long, too wasteful. Chinks in the cherished tradition of America had begun to show. The ruins were peeping through. Any future that was left was obvious to those few, who had now awakened, to be sitting at the table of the Conspiracy Seven.

When I flew back to New York that night with Krassner, we discussed the future, the doubts and the possibilities. The laughter we were hearing now would be ecstatic before long. God was laughing at Julius J. Hoffman, and Chicago, hog butcher of the world, would soon be the breeder of a new one.

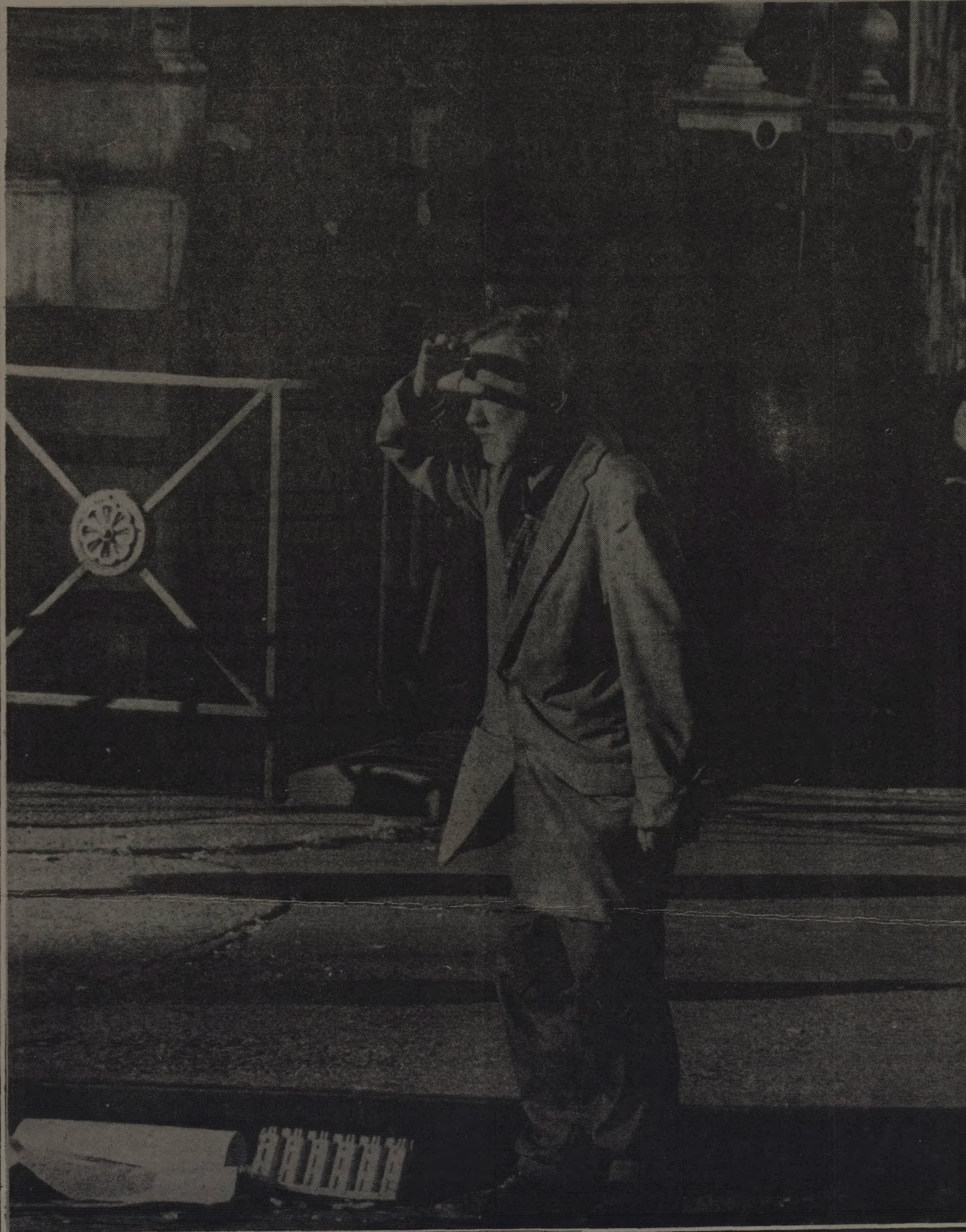


PHOTO: WALTER BREDEL

# NEWS

PEOPLE DIG THE PANTHERS

NEW YORK (LNS)—Sixty per cent of the people interviewed by the Wall Street Journal in the black communities of New York, Cleveland, Chicago and San Francisco, expressed full support of the Black Panther Party's philosophy and tactics; including the Panthers' asserted willingness to resort to violence. Only 26% flatly opposed the Panthers. 100 people were interviewed.

Much of the support comes from youth, however many older Blacks are attracted by the less publicized activities such as the free breakfast and medical programs and the Panthers' war on addictive drugs, according to the article.

PRAGUE AUTHORITIES BUST 10 "TROTSKYITE" STUDENTS, CALLS THEM BEFUDDLED WITH IDEAS OF MAO AND DUTSCHKE

PRAGUE (LNS)—The arrest of 10 "Trotskyite" students in the Czechoslovak capital city was disclosed by Radio Prague Jan. 16. The 10 students—nine Czechoslovaks and a West German woman—claimed membership in a revolutionary socialist party that urged resistance to authorities and to Soviet influence.

A Radio Prague commentator said the "Trotskyite" group was befuddled with the ideas of Trotsky, Mao Tse-tung, and West German student leader Rudi Dutschke, according to a report published in the Washington Post.

DEBRAY, STILL IN JAIL, WORKS ON BOOK

LIMA, Peru (LNS)—Regis Debray, still in jail in Bolivia for his alleged ties to Che Guevara and the Bolivian guerrilla movement, is working on a book, according to a Prensa Latina dispatch. His wife, Elizabeth Burgos, told reporters in Lima that Debray's new book was a study of the Peruvian peasantry and agrarian reform.

NEW ORLEANS UNDERGROUND EDITORS INDICTED

NEW ORLEANS (LNS)—Robert Head and Darlene Fife, staff members of the Nola Express, a New Orleans underground paper, have been indicted by a Federal Grand Jury on charges of mailing obscene matter.

The indictment cites a recent issue of the Nola Express, which re-printed a cartoon from the Pterodactyl, of Grinnell, Iowa, showing a naked man masturbating, with the caption, "What sort of man reads Playboy?"

The Pterodactyl had published the cartoon in connection with its report of a demonstration against Playboy's exploitative, salacious, and male chauvinist approach toward sex. The protest took place in 1968, when a speaker from the magazine came to Grinnell.

The Nola Express, in any case, is no porn sheet. The paper has been one of the most outstanding of the radical press in its exposure of local power structure and in its opposition to the Vietnam war and in its support for the struggles of Louisiana black students.

PIGS WANT THEIR STAR BACK

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS)—Charles R. Garry is the revolutionary lawyer best known for saving the lives of Huey P. Newton and Eldridge Cleaver and for saving the lives of Huey P. Newton and Eldridge Cleaver and freeing the Oakland Seven—and in the process setting the style for conducting totally political trials which puts the movement on the offensive and the system on the defense. Some of the people he has defended have been cops. Some of the men whom he's worked closely with—and whose respect and loyalty he's won—have been cops and judges. And the result of this was that Charles R. Garry was awarded the Police Commission's Gold Star—making him an honorary cop.

Now the honorable citizens who fill the offices of the various civilian district chairmen of the Police Community Relations unit are looking askance at the idea of someone who defends members of the Black Panther Party being an honorary cop. At a meeting in the SF Hall of Justice (sic), the same building that imprisons Bobby Seale, they voted unanimously to ask the Police Commission to take back the star.

The \$11.50 star was presented to Garry by Commissioner Washington Garner who paid for it himself. Garner has stated: "I will certainly oppose any move to take the star away from Charles Garry. He is a reputable attorney, whose clients happen to include the Black Panthers."

In the book and paper-strewn, wood-paneled room where Charles Garry, the object of all the fuss, carries out his work, there is a framed poster on the wall. On a red-lettered background it reads (in part): bobby chicago 8 oakland 7 eldridge los siete fort dix fred hampton . . . (bold black letters stand out proclaiming): WHEN TYRANNY IS LAW REVOLUTION IS ORDER.

A WARNING ABOUT GAS MASKS  
By Chris Robinson

With the gassing of demonstrators at Ft. Dix (Oct. 12) and at the Washington Mobilization (Nov. 15), many people have felt the need for gas masks, and sales of military surplus masks have soared. The problem is that many of these masks are extremely old (some being of World I vintage) and they are unsafe to use.

One of the most widely purchased masks was the Navy Mark IV Gas Mask, produced by Mine Safety Appliances Company (MSA). In a letter to that company I requested information on its use, and any training manuals available for the Mark IV.

The response from MSA was that the mask has not been produced since 1945, and therefore is at least 25 years old. The company said, "Depending upon storage conditions, we would assume that there has been deterioration of rubber components with the likelihood that the chemicals in the cannister also have deteriorated. We do not believe that parts, replacement cannisters or any type of operating instructions are available."

MSA included with their letter a reprint of part of the "Respiratory Protective Devices Manual" published by the American Industrial Hygiene Association in 1963. According to this manual, the major use of surplus gas masks is by industry—that is, in industries which purchase cheap, surplus goods without regard for the safety of their workers. As a result, "there were many nonfatal poisonings of workers in ammonia plants and of firemen who used these devices when they were exposed to carbon monoxide."

Because of these accidents, the American Industrial Hygiene Association has published a strong warning against the use of surplus masks. In September, 1948, the Army Chemical Corps issued a policy statement to all military personnel:

Surplus masks must be rendered useless for further use as gas masks in the interest of military security and public health and safety by the removal of the cannister. Disassembly must be done so that the cannister cannot be reassembled.

The Industrial Safety Equipment Association, which was set up by manufacturers to police industry, says that any gas mask "of the air purifying type, with chemical cartridges or cannisters, which has been stored three years or longer . . . should be destroyed."

In the interest of safety within the movement it is suggested that gas masks be tested prior to use. Most of the above warnings are not directly aimed at us because they are meant for those who would use masks as protection against ammonia or carbon monoxide. However, movement people should be advised to purchase a small tear gas gun or tear gas pen, and give the mask a try.

People might also consider writing to the manufacturers, just to see if the responses vary from MSA's. Information on which masks work and which don't should be sent to LNS for publication.

IN THE CONTINUING FIGHT against Army repression of freedom of the press, another battle has been lost. On January 2, Chief Justice Algernon Butler of North Carolina's federal district court denied a motion which sought an injunction against the post distribution of the antiwar di

GI newspaper BRAGG BRIEFS.

In his decision, Judge Butler reviewed the facts of the case without discussing the points of law in favor of or against either First Amendment rights for soldiers or, more specifically, the problem of freedom of the press for soldiers. He accepted the contention of Bragg's Commanding General Tolson that permission to distribute the publication would constitute a clear danger to the loyalty, discipline, and morals of the men under Tolson's command. In this case, freedom of the press and speech include not only the right to send and print one's beliefs, but the right to be effectively heard, i.e., to speak and to distribute one's ideas publicly.

Butler's decision came shortly after Chief Judge Donald Russell of South Carolina decided that the 10 members of GI's United Against the War in Vietnam at Ft. Jackson do not have the same constitutional rights as other American citizens. That case as well as the other one is being appealed by attorneys for the GI Civil Liberties Defense Committee.

\*\*\*\*\*

In another major battle with Army brass, Sgt. Lewis Delano of Ft. McClellan was notified on January 7, 1970, that proceedings for a dishonorable discharge for "unsuitability due to apathy, defective attitudes and inability to expend effort constructively" were dropped. Delano is the leader of Ft. McClellan's GIs-Wasc United Against The War In Vietnam and an editor of their newspaper Left Face. When he received word of action against him, he contacted the GI Civil Liberties Defense Committee of New York. The Defense Committee contacted an Atlanta attorney, Peter Rindskopf, associate legal director of the Southern Legal Action Project (SLAP), and Rindskopf stepped in.

Delano served 12 months in Vietnam with excellent conduct ratings. At 22, he was awarded the National Defense Service Medal, the Vietnam Service Medal, Vietnam Campaign Medal, Army Commendation and the Bronze Star for "meritorious service". Sgt. Delano's victory over Army Brass is considered a step forward for others in the fight for constitutional rights in the Armed Forces.

In other battles against penalties and harrassments for GI's holding antiwar views, Pvt. Steve Dash of Ft. Jackson, S. C., member of the GI's United Against The War In Vietnam, was honorably discharged last September after another "fitness" hearing. A/lc Larry Friedberg of Wright Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio was threatened with a general discharge for character and behaviour disorder (read antiwar views and activity) but was granted an honorable discharge on December 17, 2½ years early after insisting on his rights.

These are just a few cases, but there is no doubt that the Army has been forced by pressure from the soldiers, the public, the attorneys and the GI Civil Liberties Defense Committee into granting these concessions to the First Amendment rights in the military.

(DW)

BY D.A. LATIMER

## DEATH &amp; THE POOLSIDE PHONE

THIS IS THE WAY THESE THINGS happen: vacationing in Miami Beach, somebody like Nelson Rockefeller learns that a few hundred Indians have been discovered living near the base of a mountain which he happens to own in southern Brazil. It doesn't occur to him to ask how long those Indians have been living there, no, it's his land and they're squatters and that's that. So he calls a telephone down to poolside and rings up his representative in Buenos Aires: 'Get those Indians off my land,' he says, without specifying how. And before the month's out, those Indians who've been living by that mountain since the Stone Age--before Columbo, before Caesar, before Jesus--they're wiped off the face of the Earth.

Indians are looked upon, by those who handle the rubber interests in Brazil, as a good initial investment. Whatever land they are found 'squatting' on is bound to be the best land available, flush with excellent soil and water facilities, and often as not valuable minerals as well. It doesn't take much to get rid of them once they've found the good spots, either: the Conquistadores killed twelve million of them in Brazil alone, and with primitive killing technology too. At last count, there were only a few hundred thousand Indians left in Brazil, out of a population of millions in 1880.

There's nothing to be gained by asking the Brazilians about this genocide: the killing of the Indians is carried out with the full authority and complicity of the Indian Protective Service branch of the Government, and calls to the Brazilian embassy of the UN meet with the heaviest displeasure. Only the European press--Der Spiegel especially--seems to have any interest in the Brazilian genocide.

Last week, Atlas magazine published what amounted to a list of techniques for genocide, as carried out by the rubber planters and their agents in Brazil against the local Indians. Germ warfare is very popular this year: the villagers are given free clothes which have been impregnated with smallpox organisms, and they die like

flies. Poisoned food and water are by now a traditional staple of the Indians' diet. For the amusement of the Portuguese settlers, Indians have been fed vast quantities of licquor and rum, causing them to stagger around amusingly while the white folk snipe them off with carbines. On seasonal Feast Days, the Catholic settlers select well-built natives, tie blindfolds around their heads, and set them to running obstacle courses.

The Church has been rather helpful, however, in inadvertently bringing the plight of the Brazilian Indians to the public view. For instance, one Padre Edgar Smith of a Jesuit mission forwarded the tape of a confession from one of his congregation to the Indian Protection Service not long ago. The confessor, one Ataide Pereira, told of an Indian-hunting expedition he had recently completed to the upper reaches of the Aripuana in Brazil. A tribe of Indians had taken up residence there after being driven out of their previous location downstream: a Cessna airplane had flown overhead dropping sugar pack-

ets, and as the Indians were eating the sugar it had flown back over and strafed the community with tommyguns. The surviving citizens had moved upstream, and Pereira had been sent to exterminate the remaining villagers.

'We were handpicked for the job, as quiet as any Indian party when it came to slipping in and out of trees. When we got to Cintas Largas country there were no more fires and no more talking. As soon as we spotted their village, we made a stop for the night. We got up before dawn then we dragged ourselves yard by yard through the underbrush till we were in range, and after that we waited for the sun to come up.

'As soon as it was light the Indians all came out and started to work on some huts they were building; Chico had given me the job of seeking out the chief and killing him. I noticed there was one of these Indians who wasn't doing any work, all he did was to lean on a rock and boss the others about, and this gave me the idea he must be the man we were after. I told Chico and he said, "Take care of him and leave the rest to me," and I got him in the chest with the first shot. I was supposed to be the marksman of the team, and although I have only an ancient carbine, I can safely say I never miss. Chico gave the chief a burst with the tommy gun to make sure, and after that he let the rest of them have it. All the other fellows had to do was to finish off anyone who showed signs of life.

'What I'm coming to now is brutal, and I was all against it. There was a young Indian girl they didn't shoot, with a kid of about five in one hand, yelling his head off. Chico started after her and I told him to hold it, and he said, "All these bastards have to be knocked off." I said, "Look, you can't do that--what are the Padres going to say about it when you get back?" He just wouldn't listen. He shot the kid through the head with his .45, and then he grabbed hold of the woman--who by the way was very pretty. "Be reasonable," I said. "Why do you have to kill her?" In my view, apart from everything else, it was a waste. "What's wrong with giving her to the boys?" I said. "They haven't set eyes on a woman in six weeks. Or failing that, we could take her back with us and make a present of her to Brito (the gang leader). There's no harm in keeping in with him." All he said was, "If any man wants a woman he can look for her in the forest."

We all thought he'd gone off his head, and we were pretty scared of him. He tied the Indian girl up and hung her head downwards from a tree, legs apart, and chopped her in half right down the middle with a machete. Almost with a single stroke I'd say. The village was like a slaughterhouse. He calmed down after he'd cut the woman up, and told us to burn down all the huts, and throw the bodies into the river.

"I want to say now that personally, I've got nothing against Indians. Chico found some minerals and took them back to keep the company pleased. The fact is the Indians are sitting on valuable land and doing nothing with it. They've got a way of finding the best plantation land and there's all these valuable minerals about too. They have to be persuaded to go, and if all else fails, well then, it has to be force."

# DEAR DR. HIP-POCRATES

EUGENE SCHOENFELD, M.D., 1970

"Dear Doctor Schoenfeld:

Bout fear of one's urinal neighbor during public latrines: Oy, if his eyes should wander into your urinal and maybe come to rest on your naked penis! If that penis should become uncontrollably turgid!! But often fear prevents turgidity and sillily lets flow nothing. One remains before the Urinal altar with burnt-offerings of embarrassment.

It may be the case that this dampening of one's urinary need through awareness of another's presence is fear that penis will become the subject of harsh appraisal, that in 'competition' one may lose..."ANSWER: My brother the psychiatrist says you've made a sound diagnosis. But if there's a problem initiating urination also in private a visit to a urologist is in order, speaking of sounds.

"Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

Three months ago I went to the hospital with a terrible pain in my side and a discharge. I thought I might have had the clap but the doctor said that I only had a bacterial disease in my sex organs and prescribed a suppository.

I still have the bothersome discharge and I experience great pain when I have a sexual contact. What is wrong?

P.O. Don't tell me to give up sex." ANSWER: A pelvic examination of the symptoms you describe should include microscopic and bacterial culture examinations. Gonorrhea often involves a woman's uterus, fallopian tubes and ovaries, causing lower abdominal pain and/or pain during intercourse. Inflammation and scarring of these organs may cause permanent sterility if the disease is not treated with penicillin or alternate antibiotics.

Don't delay seeing a gynecologist or the Venereal Disease Clinic of your local health department.

"Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates:

I am a twenty year old college student with a problem. I am fairly handsome except for the acne scars which are quite deep on the right side of my face. I also have a scar on my chin which is partially covered by a light beard. I have had acne for about 5 years so I should be about over it, I hope.

Is plastic surgery possible? I've tried a "light peeling" but it doesn't seem to help. The peeling was done at a beauty salon. I've been taking treatments for a couple of months. My acne is much better but the scars are still there.

I am quite conscious about my problem and hope you can help me with a little advice."

ANSWER: Acne scars can often be reduced or eliminated through a procedure called "dermabrasion". Portions of the face are anesthetized and a fine electric sander applied to the affected areas. The resulting cuts or scab may cause you to stay indoors until it falls away but most people are pleased with the final result.

Ask your family physician, nearest medical school or local medical society to refer you to a dermatologist.

"Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates:

In my school and, I'm sure, many other schools, we, the women, have been indoctrinated to think we are the weaker sex. We've been told that our only place is in the home because that is what our body was made for. I am very curious to know, can a woman, thru the same exercise as a man, attain the same physical strength? This only seems logical to me that this would hold true. Free the woman of her false chains of weakness!"

ANSWER: Physical strength in both sexes can be increased through exercise but, in general, males have greater muscular strength. Women are stronger in other ways, for example they tend to live longer than men.

Most jobs today don't require brute strength. Females would be equally represented in all professions if equal opportunities existed and if women chose to enter these roles. On the other hand, few jobs are as demanding, important and rewarding as properly caring for a house and children.

Many true biological differences besides sexual characteristics distinguish men from women. So what? Vive la difference!

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. 95¢ paperback.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 680 Tiburon, California 94920

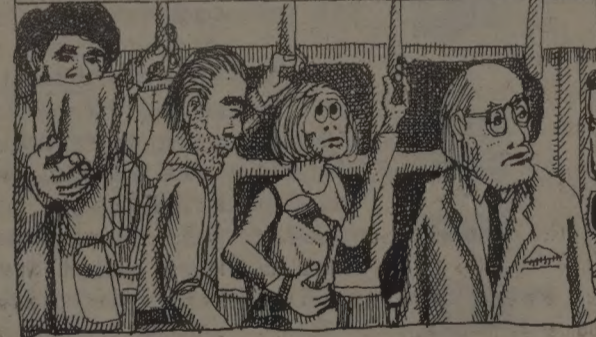
## SUBWAY SEDUCTION

WITH GEORGETTE KLIPPER AND PAUL POIVOIT

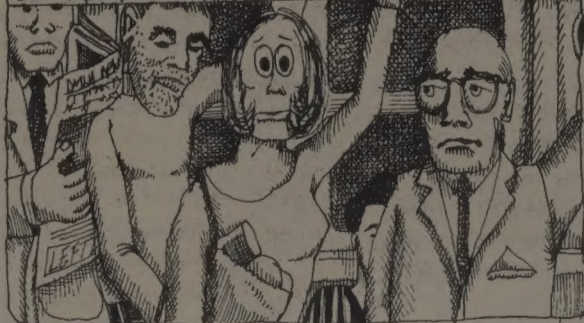
"One day while I was riding a crowded subway I felt a man who was standing behind me stick his hand up the inside of my skirt."



"I couldn't use my hands to defend myself cause I had to hold on to the subway strap with one hand and my packages with the other. I tried to move out of his reach, but the train was too crowded."



"When he stuck his hand into my panty hose, I got quite upset and began to give the people around me imploring looks. They just gave me 'aren't people awful?' looks but did nothing to help me."



"I let go of the subway strap and tried to pull his hand out of my skirt, but he grabbed my hand and stuck it into his fly. Now I really was in for trouble."



"Of course, the creep got an instant hard on. I resigned myself to the situation and tried to make the best of it."



"Then he started to 'go all the way' in front of an audience that watched our every move with rapt attention."



"As we reached a climax, the subway train pulled into the 86th street station."



"He handed me a salt shaker and got off the train."



Meredith Kaufman



## SUE SCHNALL: WE BOMBED IN CALIFORNIA by Claudia Dreifus

When Susan Schnall was fourteen months old, her mother brought her to Camp Pendleton, a West Coast Marine installation, where First Lieutenant Harold LeVine was departing for combat duty in the Pacific. That was the last time that Susan saw her father. On July 22, 1944, Harold LeVine was killed on a beachhead on Guam.

Last month, Susan Schnall stood in front of ten thousand civilians and soldiers at the gates of Camp Pendleton and denounced the war in Vietnam. It was a tense demonstration. Pendleton is located in the heart of Birchite-America; Orange County, California. Hundreds of local patriots had assembled to harass the peace demonstrators. To the platform walked twenty-six year old Susan, thin, with long dark hair, dressed in brown velvet slacks and an indian mirror vest. Glaring angrily at the rowdy counter-picketers, she began her speech:

"The last time I was here, my father was being shipped to his death on Guam. Now you (the counter-demonstrators) are fighting

to send thousands more to THEIR deaths, too. You people don't support our soldiers! Not one bit. What you're doing is killing them!"

SILENCE. There was no heckling. No one spoke. The girl had made her point.

The circular road that brought Sue Schnall back to Camp Pendleton included some stopovers at Stanford Nursing School, the U.S. Navy, the anti-war movement, and a full-fledged Naval Court-Martial. She was in fact, the first woman military officer to be Court-Martialed for her opposition to the Vietnam War.

"I had grown up all my life abhorring violence," she explained last week at the offices of the United States Servicemen's Fund, the organization that fund-raises for GI coffeehouses. "That's why I always wanted to be a nurse. I thought that as a nurse I could personally alleviate so much of the suffering the people have to face. I know that sounds a bit cliché. But it's true.

Susan's nursing ambitions brought her to Stanford, where two years before her graduation, she encountered a recruiter from the

United States Navy. The Navy representative was very different

from what the Stanford Nursing students had expected. She was feminine, friendly, non-authoritarian and, what's more, she offered the girls a dream of a deal if they'd only sign up for a few years with Uncle Sam. Join the Navy: get free tuition, monthly stipends, become an officer, learn new skills, get to travel. Wanna see Naples? Maybe Japan? Oh, the war! What war? Why Navy nurses can have any opinion they want on the war. *We just want women who have a desire to heal the sick!*"

For Sue, whose education was an enormous economic burden on her widowed mother, the Navy offer seemed like a decent opportunity. She went to her physical wearing a peace pendant around her neck. The Navy recruiter looked at Sue earnestly and said, "politics is your own business, young lady. As long as you want to cure sick men, your the girl for us." So Nurse Susan became Lieutenant Susan.

For the next two years Sue was almost unaware of the fact that she

was a member of the armed services of the United States of America. The Navy sent checks, but it hardly ever made any demands on her. Vietnam escalated... and escalated... and escalated. The Dominican Republic. Brazil. Laos. Bolivia. 10,000 dead. 20,000 dead. 30,000 dead. 40,000 dead. Total casualty rate tops 200,000 thousand. But the Navy, still made no demands on her. During her fifth and final year at Stanford she met Peter Schnall, an activist in radical medical politics and the anti-war movement. Sue and Peter planned to marry shortly after graduation, but the Navy had other plans.

Two weeks after Susan had wrested her degree from Stanford, she was ordered to Newport Beach, Rhode Island for "naval indoctrination." Naval indoctrination for nurses essentially was a six week program designed to integrate a group of middle-class young women into a brutal, cold and routinized institution. At Newport, the girls learned to follow The Rules, to follow them exactly and perfectly, to

turn in any friend who disobeyed The Rules, to be Good Germans.

"Newport was horrible," Sue recalls. "So many of the girls there had just been duped into the military. I mean... I know why I joined. I needed money. But a lot of the nurses were promised incredible things by the recruiters, things which were just lies and which the Navy could never have provided. You'd encounter heart breaking stories of young women who had been promised that they'd be stationed near their husbands or fiancées and who'd been shipped to Alaska. Families were broken up. I ran into a couple of girls who pleaded with the Navy that they would pay back all the money they had been given in exchange for a discharge. But the messed up people and the ruined lives were only half of it, we really were a part of a military institution that killed and manipulated and *that* was unbearable! For a lot of the girls the authoritarian life was impossible to adjust to. We had been brought up in much more middle-class and gentle environments."

(Continued on Page 15)

## COKE AND AND SYMPATHY James Lichtenberg

"Dope is anything you try twice and like." —Doug Kershaw

Double breasted maroon velvet suit, electrified inlaid fiddle, the Lou'siana Man, Doug Kershaw spiced up the Bitter End in a week of performances. "We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'."

There aren't as many now as there were an hour ago.

We fired our guns and they begun a-runnin'

Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico!"

He's American in a way you just don't see in the city. History, was the (real) American revolution, and after that, (I mean how much history do you need) it was just living in the land, in his case, the bayou. The two major figures in his life, insofar as his song-writing is concerned, were his mama and his papa. His papa is the now-renown Louisiana Man. His

mama's name was Rita, and one of the songs he did was a lovely tune (he writes tunes) "Put On Your Black Shoes, Rita", about going back home (he wrote the song as he was crossing over Arkansas into Louisiana) and asking his mother to put on her dancing shoes and dance for him the way she did when he was a boy. He's real, and completely different from the sophisticated, alienated, materialistic world of the city to which he would obviously like to appeal and which seemed (on Wednesday night) to put him a little up tight.

He was backed by an impromptu band of ace village musicians, including guitarist David Bromberg, with whom he had never played before. At a certain point he looked at the friendly but not wildly enthusiastic audience, decided

he had nothing funny to say and started to pass the microphone to the band, who since it was Kershaw's gig awkwardly handed it around, having nothing funny to say either. A little while later he decided to change from fiddle to guitar, and couldn't find a thumb pick. As his wife, with a mountain of coutured blonde curls hurried down the aisle to his overcoat to get one a boy in the audience offered him a pick.

That helped. Someone he recognized answered his greeting with a timid "Hi,". "Wish I was," said Kershaw, with a genuinely mournful look. Nobody offered him anything. Then he gave his wife some trouble about not getting him a glass of water. It was a little funny. I realize this is all irrelevant to music, but since everyone's so into life styles and all aroused about good old

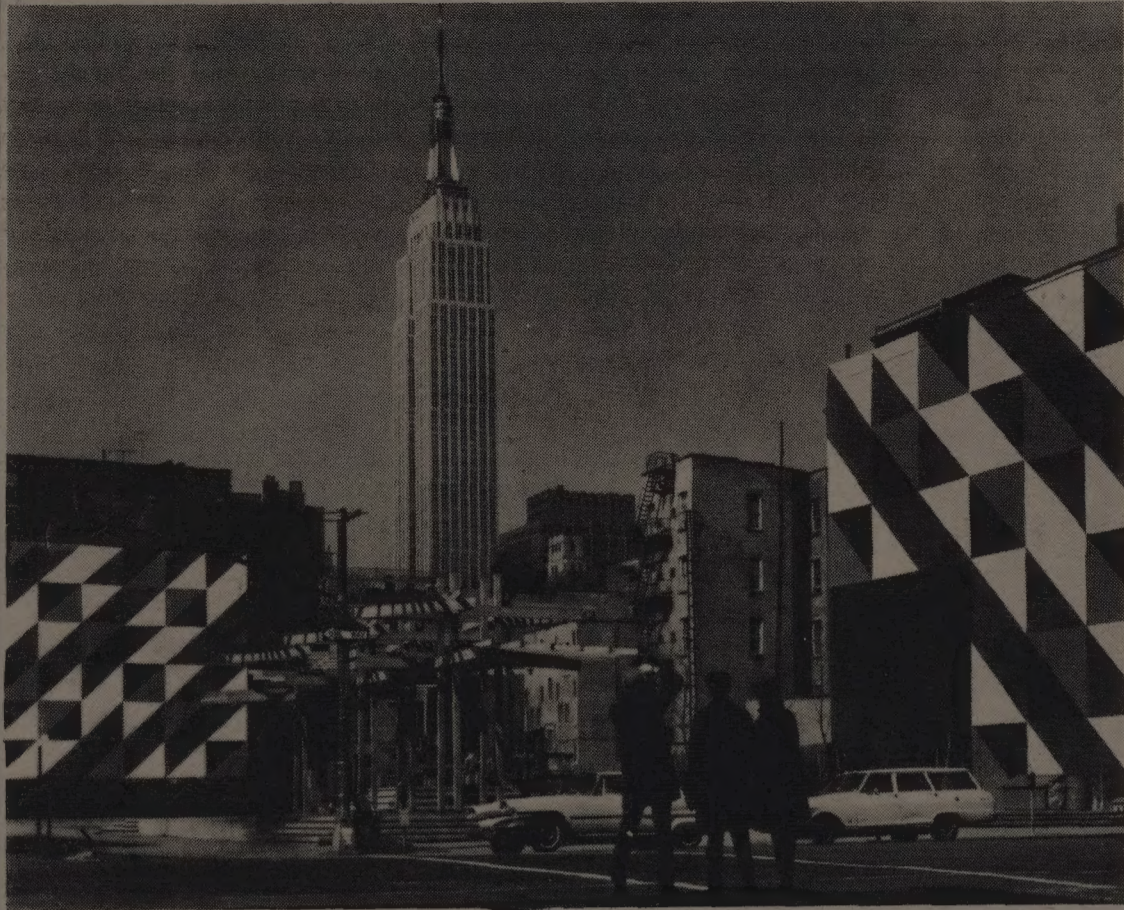
Southern music, it's good to keep your eyes open about how people are.

It might have simply been nervousness, since he did finally get happy about his band ("these local boys ain't bad") who did a fine unassuming job of backing up his fantastic fiddle playing.

Kershaw is a very particular artist, whose music is highly traditional. You could square dance to it. Cajun music at first hearing doesn't seem to have either the variety or the intensity of blues, but it has a wildness and richness that straight country and western can't approach. There is no doubt about Kershaw's power as a performer. He'll be at the Fillmore the end of February (27 & 28) with Ten Years After. That's good. People who dig Alvin Lee are good candidates

for a Kershaw turn on. If a generally young, hip (whatever that means now) urban audience digs Kershaw it might have good repercussion back home, a common interest, to let the powers that are currently turning off the amplifiers know it's a two-way street. There is no reason for the current explosion of involvement in music not to include powerfully represented musical traditions from all over the country. But by hassling the audiences at rock and pop festivals and concerts, such as the unconstitutional stop and frisk laws at the Miami Festival, or the Florida State Senates' "investigation" of festival promoters as being more interested in promoting drugs than music, you discourage performers and listeners, and discourage the whole

(Continued on Page 18)



Rightly or wrongly most people are influenced by appearances. A warm happy appearance turns them on, and a drab wasted appearance turns them off. This goes for clothing and people, rooms and furniture, for streets and cities. At present New York City, looking at its appearance alone, is one of the biggest turn-offs in the world. Blocks and blocks over miles and miles of this city, almost anywhere outside of the upper east and west sides, have been allowed (through decades of negligence) to become seedy ugly overgrowths. This is not because the architecture of this

city is intrinsically ugly—on the contrary, several generations of classically oriented architects have endowed even the poorest of buildings with all manner of attractive flourishes—eaves, window arches, moldings, cornices, scrollwork.

Almost all of this is invisible, for the simple reason that most New York buildings, even the ones in the posher sections, have not been cleaned for decades—some have never been cleaned. A simple coat of paint, in addition to a cleaning job, can work wonders, as can be seen from

what has happened recently to East Ninth Street between First and Second Avenues. When something is done to embellish an apartment house or neighborhood, it does more than raise real estate values (though few landlords realize it can do even this)—it can kindle a sense of pride in the people who live there and heighten the quality of life itself.

A few enterprising artists have in the last year embarked on a very ambitious program—their goal is not merely to put a much-needed coat of paint on shabby tenements but to bring art back to its public role by

## by ALEX GROSS

creating enormous painted murals where the people of this city actually live. These artists, among them Jason Crum, Allan D'Arcangelo, Robert Weigand, and Tanya, have set out on a mammoth task which may become even more mammoth as the idea catches on. At first only one or two artists were active in this field and each one was responsible for finding his own wall and financing. In recent months the program, under the name *City Walls*, has found support from the City's Department of Cultural Affairs and other sources, but this support is still far from sufficient for all the buildings in all the neighborhoods that can and should be painted. At present it costs about a dollar a square foot to paint a wall, which means that a painting 50 by 50 feet (or about five stories high) can be done for about \$2,500, a small price compared with what some high "art" is fetching on 57th Street. As new techniques and materials are used and new artists bring their skill to this program, the cost of the murals is likely to go down.

Perhaps the best wall painting in the city is to be found at 336 East 6th Street, near First Avenue. It is by Donald Thiele, one of the first of the "psychedelic" artists who now lives in Woodstock. It is a riot of colors and designs, both abstract and figurative, and often makes passers-by simply stop and gape. It creates its own space instead of following the lines of the wall. If the murals created by the *City Walls* painters have any flaw, it is perhaps that they are too subservient to the lines of the buildings and perhaps to what the "Modern" Museum would call "good taste," though part of this is imposed by the problem of using the space economically.

But the possibilities are endless, and the costs are likely to go down. There are also other ways of decorating or covering this city's walls which could transform New York within a brief period from a drab cadaver into a genuine city of the future. There is no reason why large areas cannot be covered with day-glo colors and illumined with black light at night—by day or dark the effect could be quite arresting. There are also any number of things that can be done by attaching small or large mirrors, glass beads, and other reflectors to our city's walls, with all the immediate change of appearance this could bring. And the uses for smaller bulbs, including Christmas tree lights—why should these be used only at Christmas?—and neon tubing (both of which could be available in a far greater variety of colors than present) have never really been explored. Not to mention the almost infinite potential opened by projections. One reason none of this has been done is not so much the backwardness of the city as the sheer stupidity of our great go-ahead capitalist companies in seeing where their own interests lie and in creating new processes and products—artists from the *City Walls* project were received coldly by leading paint companies in their quest to obtain the right medium for their work.

A program of beautifying the walls of this city can transform our neighborhoods and show the people who live in them that someone cares how they live their lives. It can create richer communication between people and has a real potential for reducing the violence that is ripping this city apart. It is not surprising that the *City Walls* program has arisen out of the ferment which has seen the awakening of a live protest movement among artists. It is also not surprising that some curators at the "Modern" Museum have jumped in on top of this ferment and attempted to claim credit for the program as a defense against their years of negligence. But one has to ask them why they only gave their support for such a program after artists began to protest and what meaningful programs they initiated before this happened.

For far too long this city has had a totally false image of itself foisted on it, as image of an ultra-sophisticated sleek northern neo-European city which just by accident happened to be located in America and be its cultural capital. But New York is no such thing—it is no London or Stockholm or Berlin, however dark and forboding some of its buildings may be, but an Afro-Spanish Italo-Jewish freak-out sprawl-over mind-bender togetherness jungle, and it isn't going to stop losing any of its ethnic character in the near future—if anything it seems to be gaining more. But the "Modern" Museum and our other "cultural" institutions have been trying for years to impose on us an odorless colorless automatic wasp-flavored culture rinse.

This is why the "Modern" has taken its time in backing more adventurous programs, it is also why their curators claim they have considered the idea of holding exhibits of african and puerto rican architecture but rejected it on the grounds that black and puerto rican architecture do not exist. What they mean is that they do not fit into the white man's idea of architecture, evolved in a cold northern climate. This is why the wall painters so far supported by the "Modern" have a recognizably European (that is to say, subdued) style of work. This also explains why the "Modern" is doing everything in its power to shelve a program for the decentralization of art and culture presented by the protesting artists—this program would actually involve local artists in Harlem, Spanish Harlem, and six other communities (including the Lower East Side) going out into the neighborhood to find out what people want for their "culture", instead of having it imposed by the usual social workers or "experts" from Fifty-Third Street.

What is needed is nothing less than a city-wide program to bring New York back to life from the regions close to death it is now skirting. This means not six artists out painting walls, as is now the case, but six hundred in all the sections of the city that need it. It also means a thorough-going breakthrough against all the racism posing as pseudo-liberalism at all levels in this city's cultural institutions, and not least of all at the "Modern" Museum.

# EARTH READ-OUT HOW MANY HARVESTS HAVE WE LEFT?

by Martin Jezer

Despite highest crop yields per acre in history, American agriculture is in a state of acute crisis. Farmers have been treating the soil the way speed freaks treat their bodies, with similar results. The Meth that is used down on the farm is artificial fertilizer, an "upper" that stimulates rapid plant growth without contributing anything to soil health. In the short run, as with speed freaks, crops grow at a frantic pace. But in the long run, the use of these artificial and inorganic chemical fertilizers destroys the soil and saturates the ground with chemicals that do not break down or decompose into the earth.

Nitrogen in the soil is vital to

plant growth, but when huge doses of this element are shot into the earth as an ingredient in artificial fertilizer the results are often disastrous. The crops absorb some of the nitrogen, but much of it seeps through the soil into the groundwater to pollute rivers, lakes and drinking wells. According to Dr. Barry Commoner, director of the Center for the Study of Biology Systems at Washington University in St. Louis, excess nitrogen in drinking water can cause a serious infant disease, methemoglobinemia. A number of public wells in California have been closed by health officials due to high nitrate content in the water. Says Dr. Commoner: "The agricultural wealth of California's Central Valley has been gained at a cost that does not appear on the farmer's balance sheets — the general pollution of the state's huge underground water reserves with nitrate."

Nitrate run-off in the groundwater also encourages the growth of algae, which removes oxygen from water. These "algae-blooms" turn lakes and rivers into cesspools which, lacking oxygen, are unable to sustain aquatic life. This is happening in such corn-belt states as Illinois where, according to Dr. Commoner, "every major river is overburdened with fertilizer drainage."

Dependence on artificial, inorganic fertilizers has also diminished the mineral content of the soil. Consequently, the food we eat is lacking in nutritional value, at least in comparison with the farm produce of yesteryear when good crops were dependent on healthy soil and farmers put back into the soil what the year's crop took out. (Refining and processing food also robs it of nutritional value; by the time we get to eat it, nutritional loss may be as high as 50%.) Agricultural research is directed at bigger and prettier crops for supermarket display. Soil health is virtually ignored. Our agriculture is based on the faith that no matter how depleted our soil, it can continue to produce bountiful crops year after year if shot up with massive doses of chemical fertilizer.

American farmers are encouraged by the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) and by trade publications like *Farm Journal* to accept the necessity of chemical farming for high yields, even at the acknowledged expense of healthy, balanced, nutrient-rich soil. As Dr. Commoner says: "We cannot speed up the biological cycle, as USDA policy has tried to do, without getting into serious trouble. In the long run, the

(Continued on Page 21)





Objectify the Doors, objectify the experience of the Doors. Sitting lewdly, sitting with expectation, waiting for the end. The concert last Sunday started at 9:00—everyone was in readiness. Experienced, turned-on, aware, waiting, waiting for the Doors, kids from all over the city, kids who had seen the Doors a year before at Madison Square Garden, all flocked inside, all sat inside, hands folded together waiting for the end, waiting for the Doors.

I had come to the Felt Forum in search in a legend. The Doors were the most satanic band imaginable, ritualized not slick insanity; pursuit of the insane, eye of a dog, leather pants fantasied wild child... the doors—everything which a rock band could have and still play music instead of lead masses of screaming kids to Washington, Singapore, the wall of China. I had come to admire the band over a number of years between my college days and work days... reality then was never objectified, never except for Sunday night at 10:30.

The crowds which show up at Doors experiences are mysterious—hitters from the Bronx, cosmopolitans from the East Side, collegiates from the Westside, tourists, freaks, clean-cuts... seemed like the type of people one would invite to a large meaningful gathering. This was the audience of the century, the audience who would watch the process. ("And now we are ready to take the journey," intones the Lizard King who can only do so much... and transfiguration after death is not one of those special things, lighting females in mini-boppers loins, maybe, but the Lazarus bit, never!). The audience was restive, the first show had been a little late getting out with some chaos and broken glass, products of overzealous fans and pussy police... so be it.

Lonnie Mack played an especially unheard set. It was loud, the sound system worked, and it filled up the time before the Doors were supposed to appear on stage. Lonnie Mack could have been atrocious or fantastic—the audience wasn't concerned; it had come to see the Doors and nothing else would suffice (... some say fire ice). Nothing else would lessen the impact, the experience of the Doors and Jim Morrison, the focal point of all their anxieties. The time was drawing near for the double confrontation. Enough space was provided for the

stage to be set up—house lights went back on for about fifteen minutes while technicians fiddled with the sound and set up instruments. The noise level in the Felt Forum was low, everyone was confident that the Doors could indeed turn in one of them memorable satanic seances... Could, would, should, all conditional, all waitin' for the end, waiting for the bubble to be burst, burst all over an era, a group and a man.

At 11:25, house lights down... spots, then screaming, but not frenetic screaming. THE DOORS HAD ARRIVED. Cut to: Morrison, paunch around his cheeks, slight paunch in belly, preceded by Densmore, the consumptive chipmunk, Krieger, the cornered rat, and Mansarak, the 31 year-old professor. Enter Morrison, faded, jaded, as beaten in complexion as those black jeans he was wearing. Morrison the shell, self-parody of the lizard king, the prime casualty of The End. "Yeah, I think we're really going to get it on tonight!", he whined in a high-pitched voice. "You want to have a good time?", said in same high voice, voice cut with decay. Krieger and Densmore nod and get down with it, while Mansarak kicks in with keyboards. Instead of the powerful, thriving, dense sound so normal for the Doors, a disconnected, sick, weak sound fumbles out. Nobody's together really, everyone off in their own corner, diddling on their instruments.

Throughout the one and a half hour set, Krieger glowers from a corner of the stage away from the rest of the band. At times he becomes obscured by shadows, his fingerwork is discontinuous, weak and spiritless like he is sick and tired of running through the same material time after time, ritual after ritual. Krieger saying with his mannerisms that he's sick of being an adjunct to Morrison, tired of playing in the background—Krieger tired but compelled to stay, compelled to wait for the end along with the rest of the menagerie.

Densmore is no better, though he seems to play competently. There is something missing in his cadences, perhaps it is a will, perhaps drive. He flails away on his drums like some mildly coherent spastic, barely keeping pace with the other instruments. He seems lost or distracted by the whole thing. The spirit of death seeps from his hammer. He does not care... another gig whatthehell,

another of Morrison's *Lizard King* rituals to endure before the *End*, before sleep and dreams, before sensual death for the night. He flails away for all he's worth, flails in the most disinterested manner like "oh no, no, I've been through this movie before."

Mansarak, keyboard wizard looks less active than usual as though he could do all of his runs sleeping or crippled. His bespeckled visage shows very little emotion. The senior statesman of the group seems to know everything; has been around through the years, filmschool *et al*—final gasp of theater being played out, he is one of the principles, watching and giving spine to the movements of the shaggy brown haired doll in front of him, the doll who looks, talks and acts like someone called Jim Morrison, but who is in actuality, a rusted hulk of a man, self-parody of rock star, devil incarnate.

Morrison, in front of it all. The same mannerisms done as before with the same effects. Behind the mask there is some sort of cynicism, decay, a shortness of character, a falsity of image, a rotting of spirit. It was like watching a wake, seeing a corpse perform, shell of a man once so proud and vital. Morrison did all his movements, and the band played on. He leaped, screamed, shrieked and contorted his visage, and the band played on. Bella Lugosi could have been singing the lead, and the band still would have played on.

The audience played with the Doors like a cat does with a crippled mouse. They knew all the proper moves to elicit the proper responses. It was all staged, the audience sat on its hands, giving out applause like someone gives water to a thirsting enemy. They were a Doors audience all right, but they knew as the Doors themselves knew that they were participating in some wired rock and roll funeral. Ancient Rome was never like this, never so visual, so immediate, so tragic. At least the Christians had a God. The Doors had made graven idols of themselves and were now participating in the destruction of their own ikons.

There was a pain, suffering, drama. Morrison rendered his "Lizard King" monologue, the crowd was mildly interested. They were waiting for something else. I couldn't figure out what, the vibrations were getting strange. Everyone was objectifying

the experience. It was not real, there was no reality, reality stopped when one entered the gates of the Felt Forum and from that moment until the final piercing note, the final gasp of a decayed and consumptive beast, reality was questionable, mysterious, subjective, and awful. The End, Backdoor Man, Whiskey Bar, Sunday Trucker all one song expressing the feeling of decay. Here was a band which had believed its own publicity, had pursued its cardboard dream as to the inevitable, sickening, surrealistic climax.

Morrison's movements were puppet-like as if he wasn't responsible for it. He couldn't communicate to his audience, they had communicated with him and were turning it around. Now he was the monkey on the string and now he was dancing, frenzied like Lucky's rope dance in Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. The mastery had flown out, only to be replaced by servitude.

Not only was the magic gone, but the respect which an audience has for a performer intuitively was gone. Mockery replaced respect. No one in the audience was going to call out favorites, the Doors knew exactly what would be fitting for the wake, and they played everything with a dismal intensity, like a catatonic smashing his head against a wall, oblivious to the ministrations of the attendants.

It was already 1:00 in the morning. I had been there from 10:30, I could not take any more. It was painful, sick, suitably degenerate for any of the Doors' fans. It was the end of an era, everyone was waiting around to scavenge and dissect the corpse. What use could there have been in staying. I left before the encore while half the crowd sat in their seats and the other half tried to get on the stage.

Monday night, the Doors hosted a party. Petronius would have loved to have been there (Fellini showed up, perhaps, or maybe he turned it down). Hilton Penthouse West, 44 stories above reality, circular staircase, palatial rooms, beautiful people, smoke weed, Stones music, all whirling in motion. Scene from the inside of mescaline dream, images run together, people come apart, colors merge and melt.

The clothes have been changed, Jim has a bemused smile on his face. He's shaken so many hands at this party that he thinks he's running for the Senate. If Leary can manage (and

he'll probably do that from jail, so can Morrison). The decadence is gone because for those few hours, the Doors and Morrison are communication to many people. Reality may be a little foggy, but it is another sort of reality than being blinded by spots and assaulted with cigarettes, jelly babies, or flowers. There was no one here to scream out, "Play The End, or Five to One", no fans here except obliquely, we are all curious, and Jim shyly smiles.

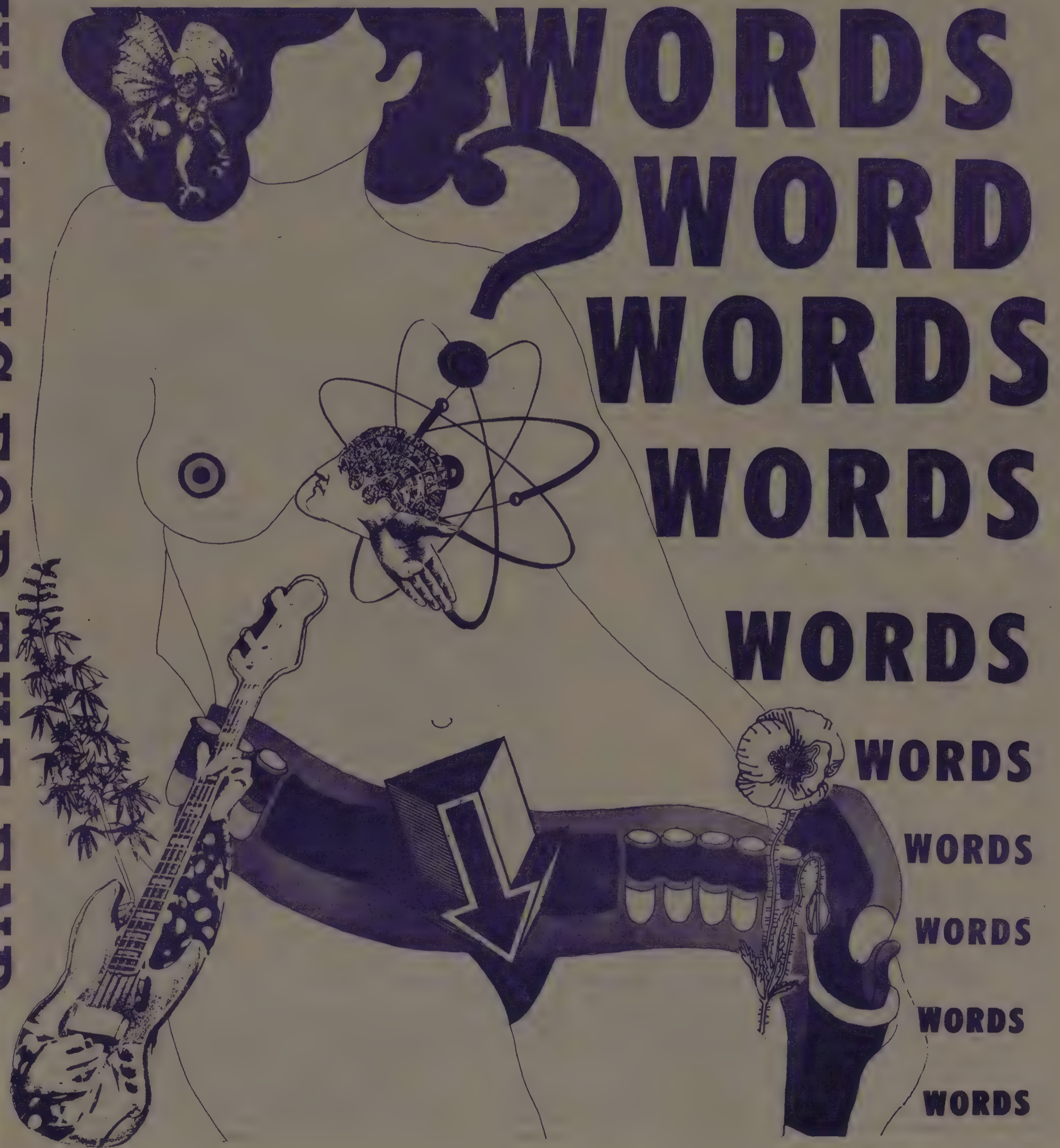
There is a great guilt between his public and private personality... that's the way it seems. Too many fanazines have spent their ink on making a paper tiger, American satanic majesty into Jim Morrison... like the chicken making the egg, the papers make their own images to destroy. He is most at ease with people who don't hassle him, who don't pry or make up answers to their witty questions. (Strange habit of pop journalists, tv or underground to make their questions into answers while the interviewee merely assents. Perhaps like a good Jew, all should answer a question with a question.)

Morrison walks around the party looking mysteriously into everyone's business, he is quizzical and quizzed. He retains his good humor and he laughs easily. His manner is easy and relaxed, the theatrical personality is somewhere lost in the mine of yesterday. Of New York, he wants to spend more time, so much to do like getting into the film scene. The community on the Coast is non-existent except for those New York souls who have banded together against the sheen. Fascinated by the diversity and the scenes to be investigated, Morrison takes it all in with his eyes and ears.

The thread of the party, now into its 11th hour is woven by Jim—He moves in and out, stops here for a story, there for a drink. Throughout the night, he acts the perfect host, people respond to him genuinely because he is real, not a concoction of someone's twisted fantasies. (And all of us have them, some are too caught up to see outside). Prejudice colors any objectivity, but he broke his own mirror in some small sense, and some of the old image vanished. Everything merges together, the previous night's debacle, this night's party and Morrison. Some of it fits the patterns, some of it doesn't—it is real and organic, so when the music's over, turn out the lights, someone please.

# WAITING FOR THE END

BY DAVID WALLEY



# FINNEGAN'S

(Continued from Page 3)

a half ago while working on a muckraking paper that has since gone to its reward. The editor, one morning, instructed me to do a piece on the Red Squad. Great shit, he said. I didn't know what he was talking about. In all naivety, I asked a few reporters at the *New York Post* if they knew anything. They looked at me sort of strange and said "Kid, why don't you reform and go back home and someday you might own a small business or something?" I didn't catch the hint and like Inspector

Clousseau, I continued searching in my own incompetent fashion.

Eventually I came in contact with a group called Veteran's and Reservists Against the War which has since disbanded because of heavy police infiltration, and in fact, was the base from which master-agent Crazy George Demarle operated. I met Crazy George down there, a fine dude. I met Robin Palmer and a few other good people, too. They knew all about the Red Squad, and particularly Finnegan and his confederates, Detectives Judge and Baer and Brennan. They told me plenty of stuff about personal interrogations they had gone

through, which I promptly misinterpreted. But I found that Finnegan's agents were posing as reporters and photographers, wearing police press cards numbering in the 5,000 series. The publication cited on the cards was a weekly newspaper in Westchester, the editor of which later stated he did not have a reporting staff, and if he did, he would never send his men on assignments to cover demonstrations in New York. At other demonstrations, police wore cards with the title "News Associates." The information also came to light that Finnegan, on occasion, was known to workout of Police Community Relations office on East 22nd Street, and that the B.S.S., ever mindful of the youth vote, was also rumored to have a small staff working at the Police Athletic League on East 12th Street under the direction of one Lieutenant Judge, of the Bureau. I called one day and asked for Judge, identifying him as a member of the squad. The cop who answered said "just a minute please," got off the

telephone, then came back and asked me who I was. When I told him, he said that Judge wasn't in, that for an interview I would first have to go through Jacques Nevard of community relations. I could not reach Nevard by telephone, even after four tries. The Mayor's aide, Barry Gotteherer, after several attempts at contact both by telephone and through the mail, sent me a short note saying he knew absolutely nothing about the scene. He advised me to talk to Nevard. Fine.

In my discussions with leading radicals, Finnegan emerged as sort of a moderate hero, polite and trim, wearing expensive sports jackets and smoking White Owl corona cigars. He became a comic strip hero, a personification of the kind, understanding police officer, a real professional, a man who *knows*. He supposedly had his mean streak, too; he swang a nasty club, but with a faint distaste for dirtying his hands on the rabble of the streets. His lusty aides were not so considerate of the decencies.

They usually tied to maim their unfortunate clients.

I finally met Finnegan himself at a demonstration. The detectives arrived in trucks, an average of 30 to 40 men, while the heirarchy came in civilian automobiles. The men positively identified as B.S.S. members, Finnegan, Judge, Baer and Brennan, wore the same type buttons as the regular detectives. These buttons changed with each demonstration. One time it was a square button with a pattern of four triangles, blue, gold, green and white meeting in the center; another time it was a round, red button.

For the most part, the detectives are very cool about their work. They move in and out, slippery and confident. Ask them who they are, get a semi-human growl out of them for an answer. See them taking pictures of you as you stare into their cameras. Watch them stay aloof from the regular police, keeping the demonstrators behind the barricades. Hear one of them

(Continued on Page 16)

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PIERO HELICZER NEWY EARS HOW  
piero heliczer  
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# BOMBED

(Continued from Page 9)

Somehow Susan survived the indoctrination period, after which she married Peter. Orders came and Sue was lucky. She would be sent to Oak Knoll Naval Base and Hospital near San Francisco. At least she and her husband would remain together.

At Oak Knoll, Nurse Schnall saw first hand the victims of the Vietnam war as they crowded the hospital wards. "So many young men came back mutilated," she explains. "It was incredibly sad. Young guys, no more than seventeen or eighteen, with all their limbs blown off! When I'd work in neurosurgery... it was called the "vegetable ward" by some of the doctors... I'd run into sailors who were just like the hero in "Johnny Got His Gun." Everything in them had been destroyed. They couldn't even communicate. What was even worse than neuro was the orthopedic war. The guys there all had bone wounds, infected and horribly painful. Most of these men were amputees."

Work at Oak Knoll convinced Susan that military medicine was a perversion of every humanitarian instinct that had brought her to nursing. At Oak Knoll, the doctors and nurses, weren't exactly curing the sick, they were doing something else. "Military medicine's main goal is to put men back on the battlefield so that they can be killed." Because she was aware that even as a nurse she had become part of the Vietnam murder machine, Sue began to involve herself in anti-war activities.

It was at a meeting of the Medical Committee for Human Rights that she heard about an anti-war demonstration that was being held for GIs. The demonstration organizers were having a hard time getting word of their action onto the military bases. Too much harassment. Leafleters were being arrested. Posters were being torn down. Military intelligence was breathing down the necks of anyone they suspected of being an anti-war GI.

"It seemed to me," Sue smiles, "that someone had to get news of the demonstration onto the bases. So I had this idea..."

The idea was simple. Sue would rent a plane and bomb every military installation in Northern California with anti-war leaflets announcing the demo. Simple, huh? "Well, the Navy does this all the time in Vietnam. They're always dropping leaflets on the Vietcong urging them to defect. Why can't the peace movement do the same thing? I just figured that if the Navy can drop leaflets on Vietnam, we can drop leaflets on the Navy in California!"

On October 10th of last year, two days before the scheduled demonstration, Sue Schnall dressed in her crisp Naval Lieutenant's uniform, hopped into a small Piper Cherokee airplane. Joining her on the planeride was Rim Rondo, a Vietnam vet, and her husband, Peter. The sky was beautiful. It was a perfect day for a bombing run.

First step: Oak Knoll Military Hospital. Sue leaned out of the plane and dropped out reams and reams of

baby-blue anti-war leaflets. Down below, in the target area, military security was rushed out to pick up the thousand of scattered blue peace papers. "They didn't even trust enlisted men to clean up the base," Sue explains. "The Navy brass were terrified that some of the sailors might get our message in cleaning up the leaflets."

Nurse Schnall recounts the bombing mission with great zest: "The Oak Knoll bombing was really a gas. Everyone looked up and what they saw flying down at them were pieces of paper that the Navy had done everything to prevent sailors from seeing. We had one fabulous mishap at Oak Knoll. Seems we really overbombed the Admiral's house. He just had leaflets in every nook and cranny. In his trees, on his lawn, in his chimney, everywhere! It took the Navy just months and months to fully clean out all the leaflets from the Admiral's quarters!"

As Susan and Peter swooped down on Oak Knoll, someone in Navy intelligence caught the number of their plane. What's more, the naval snoop also noted that the craft was heading towards nearby Alameda Naval Air Station. Bravely, he called Alameda to warn them of the impending raid. It was Pearl Harbor all over again. "What," said the brass at Alameda, "no one would dare bomb this station. We've got the USS Ranger and the Aircraft Carrier Enterprise in our docks. Re-diculous!"

Five minutes later, the deck of the Ranger was covered with anti-war leaflets. "We tried to bomb the Enterprise too," Sue confesses with a smile. "But from the air, we couldn't find it. So we just headed to the Marine base at Treasure Island."

Over their next target, the peace bombers flew low. From their vantage point they could see a Marine Sargeant reading one of their blue leaflets to an alert platoon of leathernecks."

The communications blockade had been broken. Soldiers throughout Northern California now knew all about the forthcoming demonstration. Sue was deliriously happy. The Army, the Navy, the Airforce, the Marines and the Federal Aeronautics Agency were furious. In the secret anal ante-chambers of the brass, emergency meetings on how to chill the peace march, were held. What came forth was an order: "Members of the Navy and Marine Corps can not wear their uniforms while participating in a demonstration, expressing their partisan views publicly, on religious, social, economic, or political issues." General Westmoreland, take note.

Sue appeared at the demonstration in uniform, despite the official order. Three days later, she was charged with "conduct unbecoming an officer for dropping leaflets out of an aircraft which invited members of the armed services to a demonstration that was detrimental to the good moral and discipline of the Armed Forces." As a kind of bonus, she was also charged with "disobeying a general Navy regulation."

Late in January of 1969, Lieutenant Schnall was convicted by

a court martial of the two crimes she was charged with. Her sentence was six months of hard labor, six months forfeiture of pay and dismissal from the Navy. Officers are never dishonorably discharged in the Navy. They are "dismissed." Susan, however, was never forced to serve out her sentence. Instead, she was returned to Oak Knoll for the next six months, where she was ordered to the Children's ward. "They want to keep me as far as they could, from the sailors."

There is a slightly guilty tone in Susan's voice when she talks about her sentence. "I know I got off so easily for no other reason than the fact that I am a woman. But there are a lot of GI's throughout the country, who are doing much less than what I did and who are being sent away for years and years. There's Richard Chase from Fort Hood. He simply refused to take training in riot control and they sent him up for two

years of hard labor. And there were the guys in the Presido stockade, who did nothing more than sit down, after another prisoner had been shot to death. I mean, they were originally sentenced to sixteen years for doing nothing more than singing "We Shall Overcome."

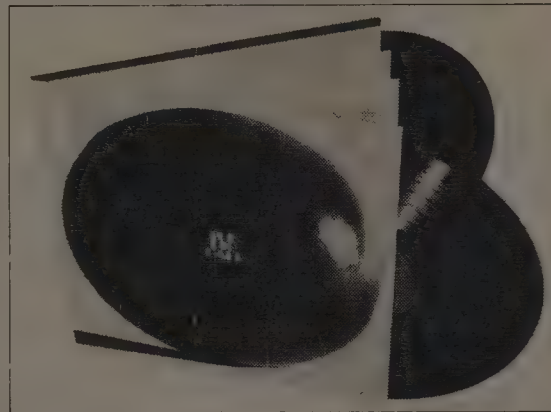
Sue Schnall lives in New York now, where she devotes most of her time to raising funds for the GI Coffee house Movement. "The kids in the coffeehouses are really brave," she says. "They go into all these awful army towns, live in abject poverty, in constant fear of attack and arrest, so that they might talk to GI's about the war. In many ways, the kids in the coffeehouses are like the kids who went to Mississippi in 1964. The only difference is that these kids are getting no support from the Northern Movement. Though it costs thousands to operate coffeehouses, the peace movement hasn't come through with very much money at all."

Why is the movement ignoring GI organizing? "I think its because the soldiers are basically working class and because the peace movement is basically middle-class," Sue answers. "Peace people just seem to have difficulty relating to these tough kids. Many of them have committed brutalities in Vietnam. Many of them have been radicalized by seeing what the war was all about. And man, they are REALLY radical."

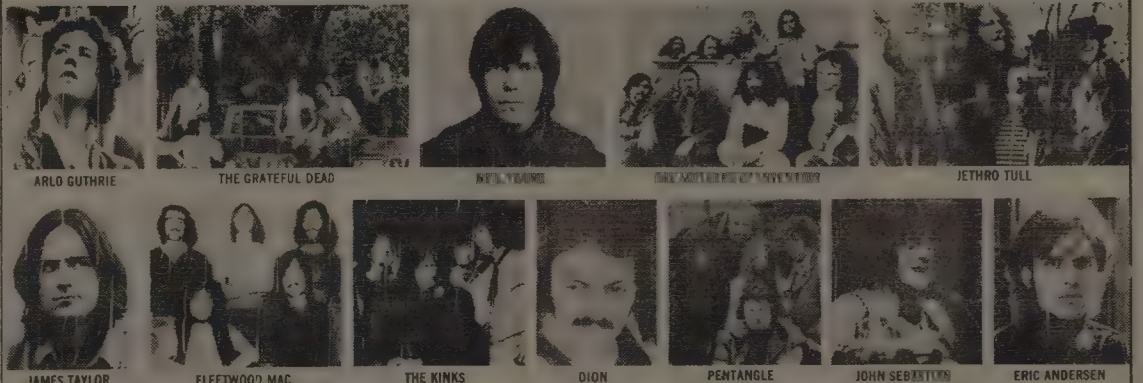
As a co-ordinator of the tax-exempt United States Servicemen's Fund, she is hoping to bridge the communication's gap between the peace movement and the GI movement. "We'd like to get out to some of the groups and tell them what's happening to the soldiers. Breaking communications barriers seems to have become my specialty. I think we can break through with peace people here."

The United States Servicemen's Fund is located at 133 West 4th St., New York, New York.

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### FINNEGAN'S

(Continued from Page 14)

say, "It's weird having so many reporters on the payroll." A group of them fraternize with men wearing press passes with "N.B.C." television written on them. Everything is cool, very cool. The demonstrators are cool, the cops are cool. The reporters are bored. Everyone waits for some sign of unifying action.

Another line of demonstrators marches around the corner carrying slogans, singing peace songs. Will the two groups run out of room on the sidewalk and clash? Policemen on horseback hang loose around the corner. The detectives keep a close eye on it, moving back and forth. There are some shouts, a sway of bodies as the two groups merge together without contest. Then you see him step out of a car—he looks like a movie hero, chatting with the men around him, his eyes casually fixed on some point in the air, nothing particular. It's the man, Detective Finnegan, a very important man indeed.

You're there before you even realize your legs are moving.

"Captain Finnegan."

Everyone stares.

"There's no Captain Finnegan here."

"You're Detective Finnegan, aren't you?"

"What do you want?"

"You're in charge of the Bureau of Special Services, aren't you?"

"What's the Bureau of Special Services?"

"Come on, I've seen your picture in the papers."

"That's impossible, my friend."

"Are you from the Red Squad?"

"The what?"

"Where are you from?"

"Well, I could be from the F.B.I. Then again, I might be a traffic cop."

"But at least you say you're a cop..."

"Sometimes I am."

Then, turning abruptly away, he calls one of his men, they leave, and the conversation is over. I am left standing there with the hard stares of five detectives on me.

Weeks later, after the article appeared, I went with two Veterans and Reservists to the Bureau of Special Services Headquarters to present a Finnegan with a subpoena rising out of a case against the V.&R. members in which he was an integral figure. (The famous pig-for-president bust). The defense attorney, Eleonor Peal, won a judicial issuance that the Red Squad produce all records and notes in connection with the case.

"Records and notes?" Finnegan asked with good humor.

"Records and notes," we told him.

"You look like you lost some weight," he said to one of us.

"Do you really think so? Now you've got me worried."

"Who's this," he asked, pointing to me. "A new recruit?"

I said nothing.

"Isn't there a charge for this subpoena?" one of the other detectives asked.

"No," we informed him righteously. "Not in a criminal case."

"Oh," he said. "Just wanted to make sure we got everything that was coming to us."

Today I admit that the whole enterprise was a failure from beginning to end. I really didn't know what I was talking about, and still don't. For one thing, a report by any newspaper on the Red Squad is almost without precedent in this land. The *New York Times* in two articles in 1964 and 1966 could only give one of the nicknames of the Bureau, "bossy," and report that B.S.S. had busted a group of minutemen in Queens. Far out. The straight press, in fact, is almost totally in the dark when it comes to the general subject. In the dark, or completely craven. I had some wierd times after my story was published.

I had badmouthed one of the detectives, Lieutenant Judge, by alledging that he was a criminal like the rest. A photographer who had contributed to a shot to the layout, one Maury Englander, wrote a heavy letter denouncing me for my folly. Lieutenant Judge, he said, was a decent sort who had actually tried to save radicals from the club in the street. I wrote a letter back to him saying I didn't think I was unfair to the mother, but if I was though, I was sorry about that. The former editor of a paper called the *West Side News*, Mr. Stan Cohen, then wrote a note in a white rage, angered also by some other fool thing I did. You bastard, he said. Look what you did to that poor Lieutenant Judge. Why doesn't some fat Irish bastard stuff you in a trashcan?

Robert Wolf, of the *Realist*, was turned on by some excellent photos we used, showing Finnegan using brass knuckles on demonstrators in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Wolf won an agreement from the appropriate authorities that the photos, and the story, could be used as a civilian complaint against Finnegan and the department, but only under the condition that the negatives be examined. The photographer, who has sort of disappeared from the scene, said no. Those cats aren't getting my negatives, he said, you think I'm crazy? The plan failed.

Murray Kempton was turned on to the idea of exposing the Red Squad in his column. He actually gave us a date for the publication of his report—in the *New York Post*. The report never came. Never.

Coincidentally, I was just

(Continued on Page 22)

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# THILM

(Continued from Page 4)

be flowing like wine for a while, as people conjecture just why he pulls on the mike, stands legs apart, and screams into the mike again and again, only to pull out some really lovely notes just when everyone has decided he is too drunk to really sing at all. John Densmore's drumming is so strong and smooth, that it isn't until you pull back from the concert aspect of entertainment that you are able to pick out his rhythms and incredible *push*, tempos which knit the sounds together, making it a sound, a song, a performance.

... Wow, I'd like to play chickie for a moment, instead of zippeededo reviewer, writer-on-event, etc., and remember the concert for the orgasm it was meant to be and was. Jim Morrison once said that he thinks no rock music can compare in terms of brilliance, perceptions, and technique to jazz, but that he could never get it on performing jazz—he just loves to listen to it. But the whole audience in rock is also able to get it on almost as immediately as the performers, and that's rock's unique beauty, and of course, liability. Because it is the performance itself which is the goal (OOOOOh to be up there with that!) and not the delayed-effect, slow maturing sense of rich perceptions which are stimulated by music such as 'jazz' and other nonessential labels, rock allows its audience instant replay, moment by moment, reaction to match performer's reaction.

Lots of 'rock' musicians these days are exploring both the immediacy of performance and the time-bomb effect of virtuosity. Some of the music in the concert, in the instrumental work, was not rock. You can call it what you want, but it was not rock. It was beautiful.

So, even if Jim Morrison thinks he is getting it on purely as a rock singer, he's not... little by little, virtuosity is creeping up all around the castle, past the skin, and under the belly.

The new album will be released very shortly.

+++++ +++++

Things going on in New York which I happen to know about and will mention because I like them better than other things going on.

1. *John Sebastian* at The Bitter End, for 2 weeks, starting January 23rd.
2. *The Conquest of Mexico* and *A Fly Can't Bird But a Bird Can Fly* by Blue Dome Theatre, 542 La Guardia Place. Tel: 677-9120, performances Thurs-Sunday.
3. *Spirit in the Sky* (Warner's) Norman Greenbaum's album which is lightweight, meaning too much of the material sounds the same, but is nevertheless beautiful, well-conceived meaning the material is all high-quality and well presented and the ideas in the album are great.
4. Soon!! *Zabriskie Point*!! February 9th. At a theatre to be announced in the fat ad we no doubt will get from MGM, as this is a youth-oriented, revolution protest rock em sock em movie which has already had troubles with our government and The Mann

Act! Yayy for the Mann Act. Will it be Yayy for *Zabriskie Point*...?

5. The liner notes for the new album by The Deviants (Sire, London) not to mention the album which is perfect. Yes, that word can be used about a record. This is deviant rock at its best. Here are part of the liner notes:

"In the same time space that it took to record this album a 16-year-old girl was imprisoned by the rulers for refusing to deny that she loved a married man. In the same time space a vacant lot in Berkeley California was transformed into a People's Park... Rock & Roll is a secret language that the rulers cannot understand (only bad sentence just so you don't feel down after seeing the whole thing). It is possible for one person to communicate with another on more than one level; you can talk to each other; you can feed each other; you can screw each other. Everyone is a level of communication and the rock musician is able to work in terms of all these levels. The rock musicians is not understood by the rulers... They fear him, but since he is a marketable commodity (product?) they allow him to continue."

Now, that is signed by Mick Farren, lead vocals and producer of the album. Maybe he didn't write it, maybe someone with the sense of humor of Derek Taylor wrote it. I don't care, it's on the album and you can read it. The record itself is worth it, especially favorites are "Billy the Monster", "Black George Does It with His Tongue," and "Exploration."

6. In another vein (oh what another vein) Jean Ritchie has a new album out, also Sire by London (oh well), *Clear Waters Remembered*, and her voice is as pure as spring ice water melted. Happy Traum is featured on guitar, yayyy, Jean Ritchie plays dulcimer. Her liner notes notes, like the songs are about "Memory is a wonderful thing" which is the first line on the back of the record cover. Memory includes how to make precious sounding dulcimers, how to sing with free clear heart, old songs remembered and brought to this existence by Jean Ritchie herself... and I don't have a favorite, the album itself is a stream and no matter where you stop along it, there is music.

7. And streams brings me to The Byrds album, *Ballad of Easy Rider*, and the version of the song on this LP is different from the soundtrack album, is somehow more timeless, sounds like a waterfall without the falls, as though the water just hung up there in the sunshine, sparkling forever, caught in a time warp between up there and down here... a perpendicular frozen song... This is not my favorite Byrds album, but the "Ballad" number is one of my favorite Byrds songs of all time. "Jesus Is Just All Right" makes it; "Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins" has to be heard to be believed, and could only exist on a Byrds album, courtesy of Roger McGuinn.

8. These notes have been extremely lyrical, gushing, and have little to do with re-viewing or re-hearing of the actual music. That is because these are not reviews, etc., but indulgences and memories, of moments of pleasure.

(Continued on Page 19)



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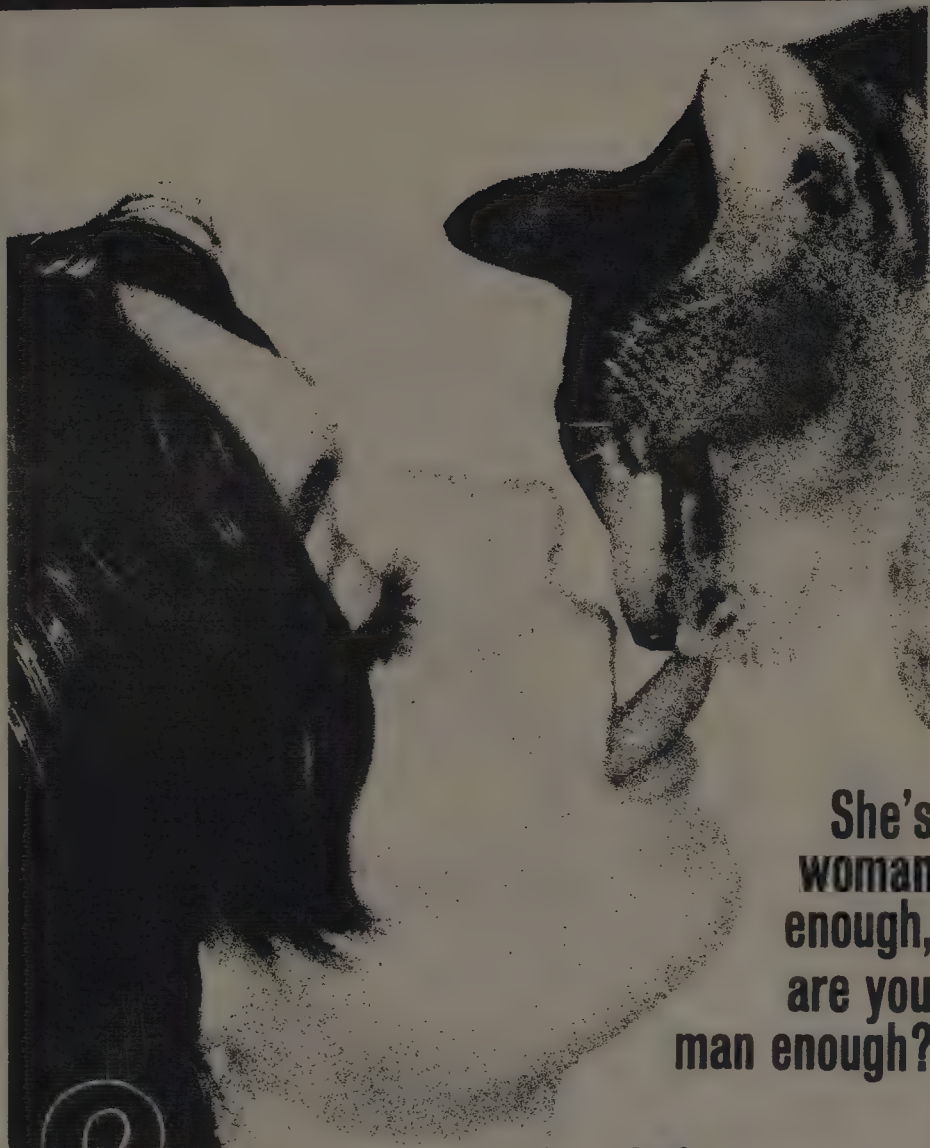
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## COKE

(Continued from Page 9)

community-involved, musical activity, how do you expect people to react positively to musicians who represent the culture of such an unfriendly part of the country?

Anyway, I've "tried" Doug Kershaw twice, once on Johnny Cash's show (where he was more impressive than Dylan) and at the Bitter End. I liked him both times. I guess Doug Kershaw's dope. So if you'd like to roll your own Kershaw, you'll be able to cop a nickel bag when his Warner Brothers record hits the stores or "live" at the Fillmore in a month.

OH BOY! OH BOY!  
OHBOYOHBOYOHBOY!!!

—James Lichtenberg

Hey, there's a fantastic new record. See that jet plane goin' by your window. Jump it. Hug the wings. Hair streamin' in the wind. Scramble to the bomb sight. Your record store in the cross hairs and ... freaks awaaaaay.

Scene: Your record store. You enter panting, having just run half a mile (time to get that bomb sight adjusted) skid to a stop at the counter, breathing hard.

Salesman: Yeth, may I help you?

You: Whew! Yeah! Fifth Avenue B ...

Your throat constricts from near fatal thirst.

Salesman: Yeth, well dear, go out the door, that one, turn to the right and it's one block.

He takes the five dollar bill, your last that you had to mug your old lady to get, and gives you 22 cents change.

Salesman: Next.

You (like a lion): No, man, Fifth Avenue Band ... the album.

Salesman: Oh ... what label?

You (near panic) label, label? I don't know ... man, Warner Brothers, yeah, Reprise.

Salesman: Which one. You stare in disbelief. He gets the point and leaves to look for it. You look around. Local meth freak packing albums away under his cape. Floor manager feeling up a teeny bopper who came in with the freak. Fourteen years later.

Salesman: This it? You grab it and barrel to the record player, rake the needle across Dean Martin doing a motown version of "Lay, Lady, Lay", and get it on.

The first three bars, and everyone is dancing. By the time you get to the end of "Fast Freight" the store owner has his arm over your shoulder. "Good Lady Of Toronto" and you're turning on in the back office. "Country Time Rhymes" and he's sending one copy of every record in the store over to your apartment. "Calamity Jane" and

he introduces you to his 13 year old daughter, Greta Garbo's reincarnation, and leaves. And that's just side one. You might think I'm exaggerating but it's all true and all for you. Just clip out the following and paste it on a penny (ha, ha) postcard:

To: Keeva Kristal  
Fillmore East  
New York  
Hey Keeva,

How about putting the Fifth Avenue Band on the bill with the Grateful Dead Feb 11, 13 and 14?

Love,  
(your name).

Fifth Avenue Band ... what a dumb name for a rock and roll group. (Ok, ok, so the record's been out for a while already.)

Curtain.

LET IT BLEED ... TO DEATH

—James Lichtenberg

I don't believe what is going on. The exploitation of the stabbing of Meredith Hunter has reached million dollar proportions. The young man, who by definitely uncool baiting of the situation, called down a completely absurd and unnecessary fate at the hands of a Hell's Angel, is the hottest property since Hemmings in "Blow-Up".

The so-called free concert at Altamont isn't "free" at all. It turns out to be a great movie set, with 300,000 unpaid extras, starring: An Act Of Murder.

It's insane. That the Mayses Brothers, the Stones and Universal Pictures, stand to make millions of dollars EXPLOITING EVERYBODY not to mention a young man dying, is the depths of degradation. NO ONE SHOULD GO TO THAT MOVIE. THAT MOVIE SHOULD NEVER BE RELEASED. IF THE STONES OR THE MAYSELES HAVE ANY DIGNITY AS HUMAN BEINGS THAT EPISODE SHOULD BE WITHDRAWN FROM ALL COMMERCIAL USE.

I mean, when are we going to stop publicizing violence? This is yellow journalism at its most pestulant. For example, the "executive producer" for the Mayses Brothers, at a press conference in San Francisco, tells the press he can't let them see the film (yet, not for free) but then proceeds to give a minute, blow by blow description of the murder complete with a plug about how perfectly exposed and focused the film is. After which he says "This film is not going to exploit the killing."

Brave New World ... who are you kidding? That's exactly what it is all about.

It's simply time to stop this kind of profiteering. Exploiting murder ... and Universal Pictures is offering more than a million dollars for it.

Song My, Biafra, Altamont. Isn't time to turn off the amplifiers?

(Continued on Page 21)

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Give Peace a chance

**THILM**

(Continued from Page 17) revived rock and roll, mouth to mouth resuscitation and for a few girls who made it, even closer than that, a hug and a kiss and a barrel and a peck (well that's pre-rock and roll, but still...) before the guards removed them from his presence and body.

People say things like: The Doors just aren't exciting. The Doors are

good, but I wouldn't want to see them, it's all sort of static.

And so on...

Those people are as full of... no, not bullshit... insecurity, laziness, and cliché, hotcha... as anyone could possibly be. Now, agreed that the criteria for judging a rock performance is exactly that—Performance and not virtuosity, but that there can be virtuosity in a rock performance. The Doors performed virtuously, Ray Manzarek's organ mainly tasty during the evening, especially when playing old favorites (do you realize how many Doors songs are old favorites whose lyrics and introductory notes are immediately recognized, mnemonically processed...?) Robbie Krieger's guitar was soaring; it just went everywhere, a magnificent display of what an amplified guitar can do with electronic vibrations, a fret board, and fingers which understand both the basic instrument and the electrical ramifications... that is an unnecessarily complex sentence. Robbie Krieger's music was not that way; it was necessarily complex.

The concert was the epitomization of The Rock Concert and Jim Morrison was The Rock Star. He did it all, and the accounts will no doubt

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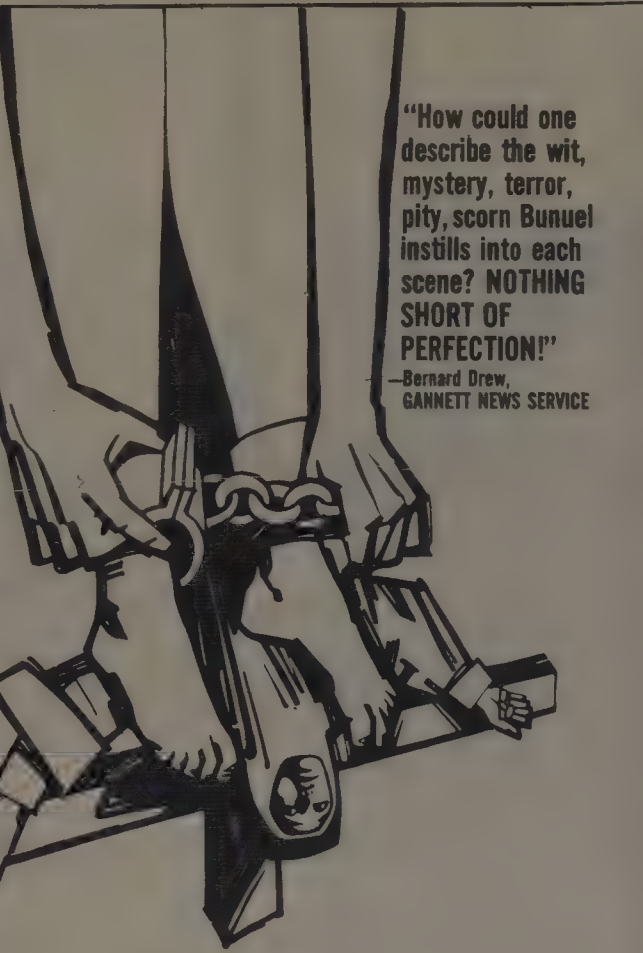
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## COKE

(Continued from Page 18)

problem of nitrate pollution will require a fundamental revision of the entire economy of agricultural production in this country."

Dependence on pesticides is also causing trouble on the farm, though recent publicity about the dangers of hard pesticides like DDT and other chlorinated hydrocarbons has led to government bans in some instances. Pesticides are being used in greater and greater amounts as insects and weeds develop resistant strains and immunities. One strain of cabbage worm, for instance, grows larger when fed DDT. Widespread use of these chemical dusts and sprays also destroys ecological balance. Often, they do more harm than good by killing beneficial insects (like ladybugs and praying mantes) which feed on harmful pests. Troublesome insects that have developed tolerance to pesticides then flourish unchecked by natural controls.

Pesticides also contaminate the environment by poisoning our food and killing wildlife. Though a few organic pesticides have been developed that are not toxic to man and wildlife, the two major types in use have been proven lethal. Chlorinated hydrocarbons (DDT, Aldrin, Dieldrin, Endrin, Thiodan and Kelthane) are known as hard pesticides. They remain toxic for periods of up to ten years and are stored in the fatty tissues of animals who eat contaminated food. The poison is passed along the food-chain from predator to predator, in increasingly concentrated and toxic dosages. For instance, when DDT is sprayed on pastureland, it is passed on to cows as forage and then into humans as cows' milk. But mothers' milk may not be any safer, as tests have shown. For when the cow is slaughtered

for meat, the DDT is passed to humans in the form of steak.

The second kind of toxic pesticide is the organophosphates, which are similar to the nerve gas developed by the Nazis in World War II. These include Parathion, which has poisoned grape pickers, Ethion, Malathion, Meryl Parathion, Phosdrin and TEPP. The USDA and the Food and Drug Administration have been criminally negligent in evaluating pesticides. Mercury fungicides, for example, have caused illness, mental damage and death. Though they have been banned in Sweden, they are widely used throughout the United States.

One reason for the government's lack of enthusiasm for regulating use of pesticides is that the agriculture chemical industry is big business. Over 10,000 American manufacturers produce one billion pounds of pesticides each year. And the larger companies, like Shell, have as many as 500 salesmen in the field pushing their use. The USDA, in cooperation with many universities, cooperates

with the chemical industry. While encouraging research into new and more potent pesticides, the USDA does very little research into organic methods of farming or into the ecological or natural control of pests. What this means to the farmer is that when he goes to his local county agriculture agent with a problem (and the local agent is usually friendly and "helpful"), he is invariably advised to spray or dust and use more chemical fertilizers and more pesticides. The American farmer is the number one victim of our farm policy. As Dr. Commoner says, "Much of the environmental crisis we face today can be traced to the USDA policy which has supported agri-business. I am convinced you cannot get the same return from agriculture investment as you can from industrial investment." But agriculture, like all other enterprise in the U.S., is treated strictly on economic terms. Is it profitable? Our system is geared towards supporting economically successful farms. In many states, including Vermont, local

property taxes favor real estate interests at the expense of farmers and foresters who keep up the land. Small farmers are driven off the land because they cannot meet this unfair tax burden. On a federal level, USDA policy favors large agricultural units. Marginal and subsistence farmers are often not eligible for the various aid programs, though large farmers reap financial windfalls, sometimes for not growing crops.

The American farmer is also victimized as a consumer. It takes a huge investment to farm on a large, economically-viable scale. According to John Scott, Master of the National Grange, "While farm prices have declined for twenty years, farmers pay three times as much for the heavy equipment they must buy." Farmers who cannot afford costly machinery and chemicals are forced out of business. Thus, farming is coming under the control of highly capitalized corporations. The once proud and independent farmer of our

Jeffersonian (mythical?) past has become the paid farm-hand with an absentee corporate boss.

Though farmers are forced to invest money in machinery, pesticides, fertilizers and dozens of other farm implements, they get very little for their produce and have virtually no control over the price. In Maine, this past harvest, potato growers ploughed their crop under rather than accept a lower price than their costs. Why, then, do we pay such a high price for our food? Not because the farmer is getting rich. But because of packaging and distribution. While farmers may lose money on what they grow, the packager will never sell his product at a loss. We pay him to wax our cucumbers, boil out the vitamins in our vegetables and add all kinds of artificial flavorings and preservatives to our food so they will last long and look pretty on the shelves of the local supermarket. And our system of distribution is equally insane. We pay shipping costs for lettuce, tomatoes, carrots and other vegetables from one coast to

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## DRY HEAT MATERIAL THINGS



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# EARTH READ OUT

(Continued from Page 11)

another, though it would be feasible for every metropolitan area in the country to grow most of its own produce.

Nothing will change this absurd

agricultural system except, as Dr. Commoner says, "a fundamental revision of the entire economy of agricultural production in this country." What does that mean?

1 - Agriculture must be viewed in social terms and not as a business. We must support marginal and subsistence farms and encourage people (with

financial grants) to move back to the land and return fallow fields to cultivation. This would ease pressures on the cities, lead to a more evenly balanced population, and create the possibility for further change.

2 - We must decentralize our entire agriculture system, so that local areas could raise their own produce. With thousands of small farms in operation this would be feasible. It isn't now.

3 - USDA research should be redirected towards organic farming methods. This would include developing new farm machinery (mulchers, shredders,

etc.), recycling garbage (turning organic wastes, autumn leaves, etc.) into compost and making these machines available to all farmers.

This will be no easy task. Both government and business are committed to large-unit, mechanized, chemical farming.

What can we do?

Probably, farmers can be most easily reached by professional scientists like Dr. Commoner. The better farmers are as concerned with the environment as we are. But they are exposed only to USDA information and

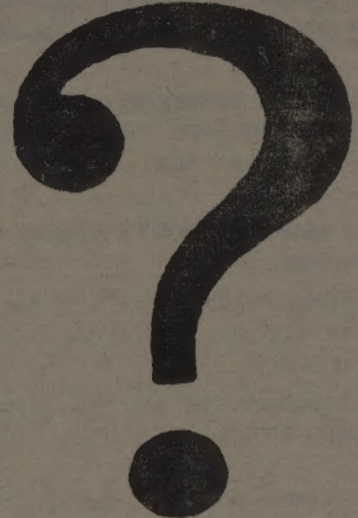
trade journals which serve the interests of corporate agriculture.

But rural communes can provide examples by getting involved in organic farming and by marketing their own produce in ways that educate the public and create a demand for organically grown food. (For instance, distribute literature with their produce, "compete" with supermarkets by comparing their poison-free vegetables with the shit that passes for food in the supermarket, supply urban communes and food-buying cooperatives with low-priced, healthy foods.)

Ecology-action groups on campuses could help by demanding that schools offer organic food in eating halls, cafeterias, student unions, etc. And finally, groups can start "People's Gardens" in parks, abandoned lots, in the suburbs, on campuses. They can grow food for the community and hold free community feasts at harvest time. People with other suggestions and ideas should put them into practice and get the word around. The Movement has ignored the farmer and U.S. agriculture policy for too long. How many harvests have we left?



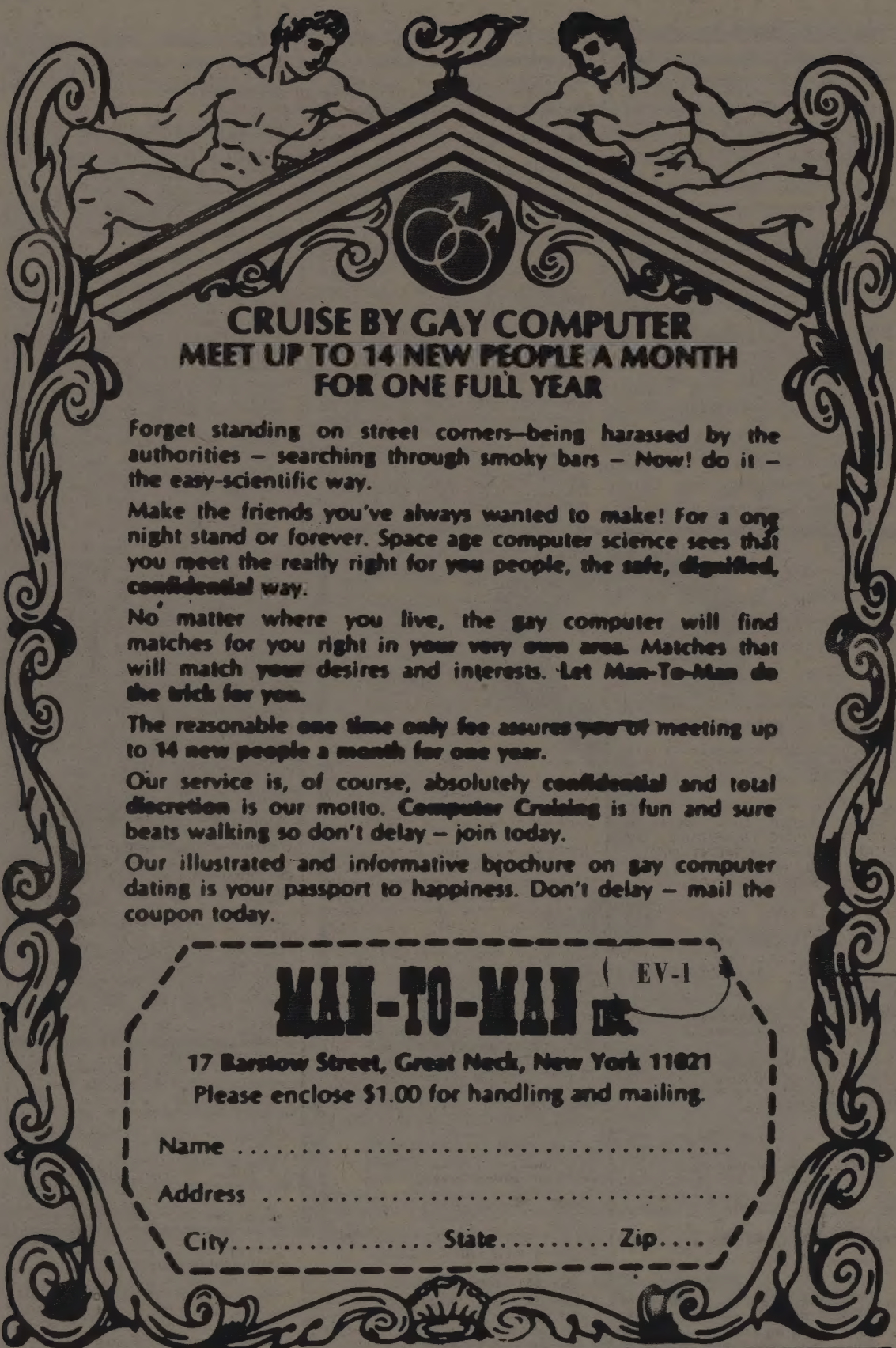
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**FINNEGAN'S**

(Continued from Page 16)

finishing a shoddy tour of duty as a copyboy at the *Post*. They were afraid the thing might hit the *Post* itself, or something like that. Never did figure it out. Nat Hentoff expressed an interest in doing his own piece. He never did. David Burnam, police reporter for the *Times* assured us he would do a whopper of a piece, and in fact he was in touch with Kempton to sync out the timing. The *Times*, he said, would dig such a piece. Whether they really would or not, we never found out; Burnam never followed up the lead.

The point of all this is, why don't some of you big fellows from the "grown-up" press do something about this Red Squad? You have good files, for sure, all sorts of good accreditation, all sorts of good informers (just like Finnegan does) and company doctors and summer vacations and all. If the public deserves to know about Michael James Brody, it certainly deserves a few words here and there about the Red Squad, dig? Why doesn't David Burnam do a slick 70 inches on the matter, or maybe only 40 if he's hung up that day and the *Times* has a stronger lead? Or

Murray Kempton. You're a cool mother-fucker, you know where it's at. Or Nat Hentoff, man folks'll print anything you write. Or Pete Hamill. You've got some Balls. Enh, What? Or Jonathon Black, or Michael C.D. MacDonald, or Jack Anderson, or Jimmy Breslin, or Evans and Novack or D.A. Latimer (*Who???*) or Eugenia Shepard, or Lester Bromberg. We don't have to be choosy about the first shot. You're all in the same boat, you all carry police press cards, you all consider yourself righteous fucking dudes with all sorts of high responsibilities, well you care about who's bopping around the street posing as a member of your profession, don't you? Or ain't you never done noticed all those strange reporters and Photogs. out on the beat. You thought they were from *EVO*, maybe?

We're not being snide about this. We're perfectly sincere. We'll open up our files to you, and you don't even have to give us credit. In fact, as a public favor, I'll start you off myself, give you a good lead. Don't thank me, I'm glad to do it. The Red Squad headquarters are located at 325 Hudson Street on the second floor of the Hack Bureau. The phone number is 577-7285. See how easy it was? Good hunting men.

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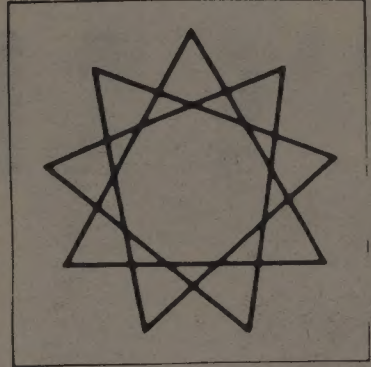
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Young boy, 18 - seeks young boys for fun and friendship - P.O. Box 163 - Parkchester Station, Bronx 10462, N.Y.

Good looking masculine guy, going to Southern California, desires partner (20 to early 30's) to share adventure; Leaving Feb. Write T.S. Didier, P.O. Box 105, Ridgefield, N.J. 0764.

BEAUTIFUL, INTELLIGENT, ULTRA FEMININE LESBIAN. I want to meet you. I know this is kind of a naive way to find the exclusive girl I want. But logically enough, I figure that if someone like me reads this stuff, there must be somebody else in my same class out there giving it the once-over, too. In hopes there is, I'll complete my specifics. Ideally (what else?) you must be intellectually stimulating. Fun to talk to. Informed. Up on everything. With opinions, many interests, and the charming curiosity of a kid. You're warm, tender, compassionate, thoughtful. Nothing will ever make YOU a tough little cynic. You must be even tempered. Somebody who doesn't get hurt every five minutes. Two more stipulations: you must be white and under five four. Please read this over carefully before you write to Box 1244, FDR Sta. New York City 10022.

GAY CHRISTIAN ORGANIZATION. Get your copy of "Christian Homosexuality" and learn the real facts about God, Christ, gay life, sexual relationships (frankly told), and the plan, purpose, destiny of gay persons in God's great scheme of things! EXCITINGLY NEW! Revolutionary! Challenging! True to Christ and true to homosexuals. This professionally written dissertation "tells it like it is" without beating around the bush... apologies for being gay... or hypocritical guess-work! \$3.00 cash or M.O. Details and literature on gay organization that is "out and out for Christ and out and out for homosexuals" for \$1.00 to defray mailing expenses. All inquiries, orders, mailings, maintained and sent with strict confidence. Send to: Rev. Dr. Billy Hudson, P.O. Box 601, Island City, Oregon 97851.

GROOVY WRESTLING PARTNER WANTED NAME YOUR RULES - WILL ALSO TEACH I'm 24, 5'10", 130 lbs. State your age, height, weight in return letter. R. Harrison, 906 Summit Avenue Jersey City, N.J.

Young gay male, 19, seeks other young gay males, 12-25 years old anywhere. mainly young gay male teenagers and servicemen, who need a gay pen-pal or mutual action contact. Will answer all who write. Send detailed letter today to: T.L. 2154 Market St, San Francisco, Calif. 94114.

Gay singles - parties every Fri & Sat. From 9 til 2 at the Riverside Plaza, 253 W. 73rd St. Live band, go-go boys - BAR - Comy groove to an out-of-sight affair. N.Y. Mattachine Society - 212-799-0916 - for additional information.

MEN meet your QUEEN or Prince at Lee's Mardi Gras '70. Sat Feb. 7th, Hotel Riverside Plaza, 73rd & Broadway., featuring go-go boys, 2 bands, floor show, prizes. Win a trip to Puerto Rico admission only \$3.50 adv. info & tickets 533-4132, 533-4108.

MARY! Don't Forget! Lee's Mardi Gras '70 is Sat. Feb 7th, Hotel Riverside Plaza, 73rd St. & Broadway featuring Go-Go Boys, 2 dance bands, floor show of female impersonators, door prize trip to Puerto Rico. ONLY \$3.50 adv info & Tickets call 533-4132/4108.

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California Model - 24, Good Looking & Athletic - College student - 6', 190 lbs. Call Jess 988-4268 - \$30.00.

GROOVY-LOOKING GUY with erotic buttocks will pose for professional football players. \$30 for a session. Special rates for teams. Call 628-0508 after 2 P.M.

Good looking Athletic Model, 20, college student, 6'2", 190 lbs. For NY and New Jersey call Jeff 835-0044 - after 7pm - weekdays - weekends - anytime - \$30.00.

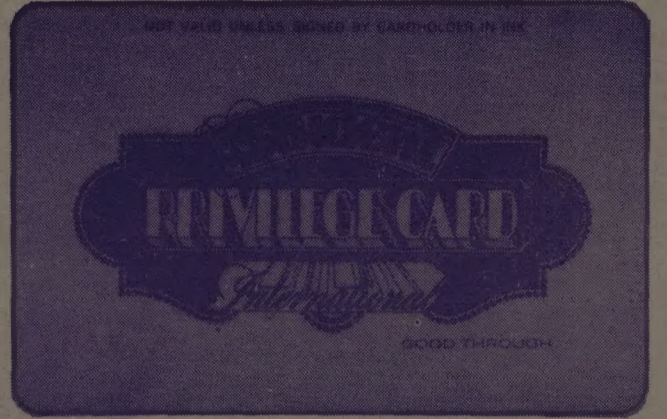
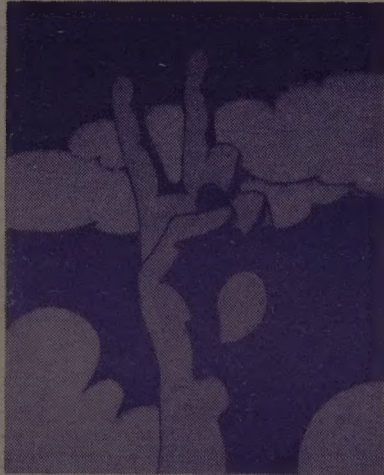
MASCULINE AND HIP - Paul and his friends will model for you here or there. \$30. 873-9145.

Groovy male models available for your thing - nude modelling, posing etc. Model all types and shapes - \$35.00 per session at your place or ours. Call 684-5423 after 6PM for appointment.

MANY young male figure models (age 18-28) for nudist magazine. Professional photographer. No experience necessary \$10.00 per hour. Call AL 5-2711.

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- Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., New York City  
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2nd drink after 9:00 PM
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- Philia, Philia Boutique, 1143 First Ave., New York City  
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- The Shoe Inn, 28 Greenwich Ave., New York City  
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- Smokehouse, 7 West 8th St., New York City  
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national holidays
- The Total Look, 89 West 3rd St., New York City  
10% discount on everything
- Village Gaslight, 116 MacDougal St., New York City  
20% off on everything, Sunday - Thursday
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- Your Father's Mustache, 125 7th Ave. So., New York City  
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